

de Joveguille

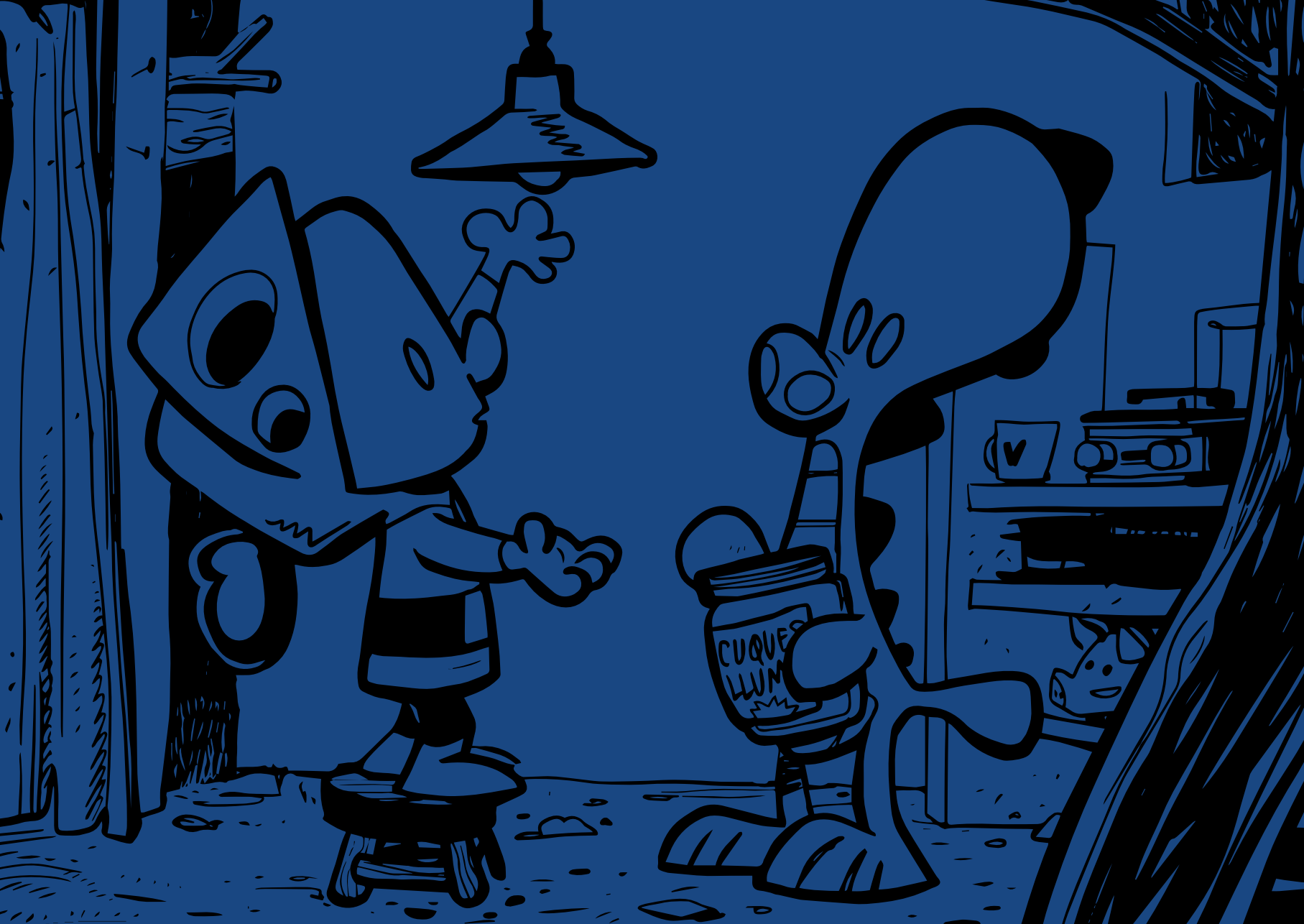
JORDI & OSLO

les premières tirs



Editorial De Falces





JORDIOSLO.COM
Les primeres tires

JORDIOSLO.COM/LES PRIMERES TIRES
by Joveguille
publicat per Editorial de Falces
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la plataforma Verkami. (vkm.is/jordioslo)

Editat per Joveguille
Filologia Inés Gené

Gràcies especials a
Lluís Ruiz, Aleix Porta, Josh McCready i José Enrique Ruiz,
sense qui aquest llibre no s'haguès començat mai a fer.

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JORDI OSLO.COM

LES PRIMERES TIRES

per Joveguille



Editorial De Falces

A la memòria de
Damià Badia Serentill



Els anys d'infantesa en els que ho podíem ser tot i no ser res, en què tothom ens deia què fer i fèiem el que volíem. Els anys en què el pati de l'escola era un continent i els arbres casa nostra. Tots aquests han estat i són el combustible i l'esperit en el que es basen les tires d'en Jordi i l'Oslo. Tires de gent atrapada en cossos d'infants que recorden com viure a aquells en cossos d'adults.

Aquest llibre és un oda a l'amistat (tot i que per fer-lo he hagut de recloure'm durant dies i no veure a cap amic) i a aquells temps, a més d'un homenatge als idiolectes i a la cultura crítica i desobedient.

Les tires incloses foren creades entre els anys 2011 i 2014. Mostren l'evolució i com s'han anat introduint nous personatges. Aquestes aventures són per a tothom. Ni per a petits ni per a grans. Tothom. No he entès mai la necessitat d'adaptar continguts per a menors. Quina intenció pot tenir un nen petit en voler quedar-se petit? Quan érem menuts no enteníem la majoria de còmics que ens queien a les mans, (ni tampoc llegíem introduccions com aquesta, almenys jo) però ens era igual. Ens agradava sentir-nos més grans. És curiós que, ara, ens agradi sentir-nos més petits.

Espero doncs que, siguis petit o gran, la Sigrí, en Jordi o l'Oslo t'ajudin a sentir-te tu mateix.

The childhood years where we were anything we dreamt and we didn't listen to anything others would tell us. Those are the years and memories fueling and guiding Jordi & Oslo's spirit. Comic Strips of people trapped in little bodies who remind how to live to those living in bigger ones.

This book is an ode to friendship (although to finish it, my friends haven't seen much of me lately) and an homage to idiolects and critic culture.

I decided to include the best and more important strips from 2011 to 2014 showing the evolution of my drawing as well as how characters get introduced.

The English translations are in their majority precise, but some exceptions were made for those impossible to translate.

This book is made for all ages. For everybody. I never understood this obsession to dumb down things for kids. As a child I felt disrespected, and now I feel condescending. As kids, we wanted to grow, and feel like adults. Funny that now we desperately need to feel like kids.

It is my hope then, you'll find who you want to be every time you read Jordi, Oslo and Sigrid's stories.

ELOGI de la CAVALLERIA

Quan un cavaller es calça el casc i l'armadura i s'adentra dins del bosc, desenganyem-nos, res ni ningú pot aturar-lo. Un cavaller surt victoriós de totes les conteses, de tots els perills i de totes les trampes que li poden parar els més malvats éssers. A vegades pot sortir-ne malferit o fins i tot mort, però el primer que has de saber, lector o lectora, és que viu o mort no són sinònims de victòria i derrota en l'univers d'un cavaller. De peu o estirat, en sortirà ple de glòria. Sempre i quan no caigui víctima dels particulars perills de la cavalleria.

Poques coses són més destructives que el desànim i els braços caiguts. Són aquests els perills que des de dins de l'armadura el corquen. La traïció a un mateix és el seu únic punt feble del cavaller. És per això que per no deixar les mans mortes el cavaller porta una cosa en cada mà: una llança i un escut.

Una llança punxeguda i afilada que apunta sempre endavant. La direcció és clara i inqüestionable: endavant, preparat pel que hagi de venir. La llança és, diu la tècnica militar, una arma ofensiva, d'atac. Però és molt més que això: és la fletxa que marca el camí, la particular pastanaga del cavaller. Qui sap on el portarà?

Potser no ho sabrem mai. Però, mentrestant, la persistència inesgotable d'aventures és la que fa trobar misteris sorprenents i meravelles trepidants. El nostre petit gran cavaller, en Jordi, converteix una piscina inflable en un mar... i no s'hi ofega. Hi naufraga... però no s'hi ofega: viu l'aventura del naufragi i de la salvació. I així amb centenars de petites grans aventures viscudes pel cavaller infatigable en les pàgines que segueixen.

En Jordi no porta llança, és cert, una llança com a tal. Però té les seves raons. En primer lloc perquè una

llança seria molt gran de dibuixar en unes vinyetes tan petites. I en segon lloc, perquè en Jordi és com el jove Perceval extasiat de cavalleria: l'ansia d'aventures l'empeny a l'aventura abans de ser armat oficialment cavaller. És una actitud. Però, si no porta la llança a sobre, porta escut?

Sí, l'escut i qui el porta, l'escuder, és la lleialtat infinita, l'amistat irrompible. Pren forma d'Oslo, de company de fatigues, de silenciós conseller, de sol·licita companyia, de fidel seguretat. L'amistat verdadera és lleugera com una ploma i alhora resistent com la roca. Com ha de ser un bon escut de cavaller. I què millor que un drac per defensar-se quan les adversitats t'envolten. La lleialtat a una amistat fa que les aventures entre dos sempre siguin millors.

En Jordi, com l'autor que l'ha creat, és un cavaller infatigable i fidel als principis d'optimisme i esforç aventurer. Aquest llibre no hagués vist la llum sense la tenacitat i alegre tossuderia

*¿Qué te parece desto, Sancho? -dijo don Quijote-.
¿Hay encantos que valgan contra la verdadera
valentía?*

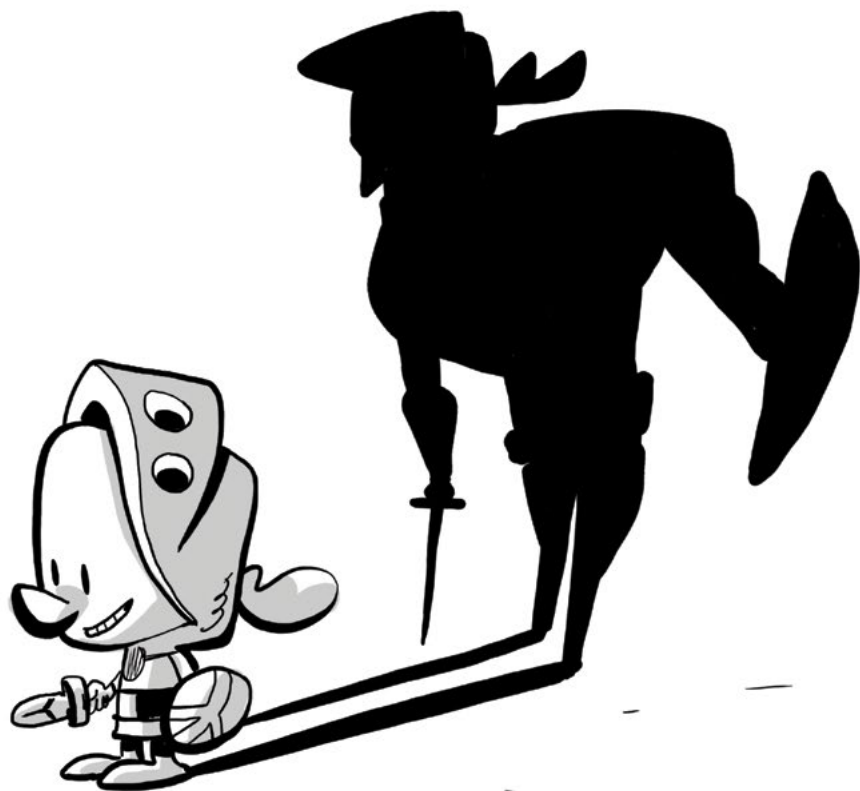
*Bien podrán los encantadores quitarme la ventura,
pero el esfuerzo y el ánimo, será imposible.*

Miguel de Cervantes,
Don Quijote de la Mancha, II.XVII

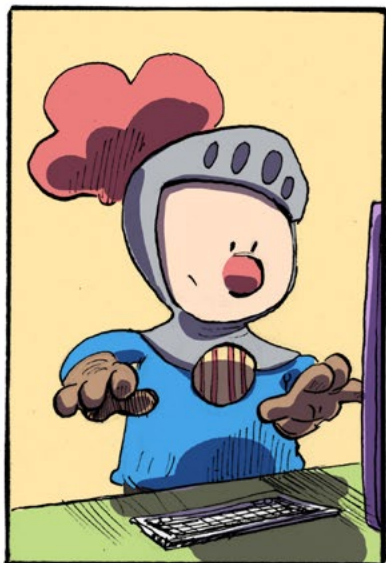
del seu autor i dibuixant. Sense fer cas del que puguin fer-li els malvats encantadors roba-ventures, en JoveGuille conserva l'ànim i les ganes d'explicar les originals històries de Jordi i Oslo. En la difícil i misteriosa terra de la creació, els llibres i l'edició, en JoveGuille és un cavaller errant, que no pas errat.

Potser don Quixot no estava tan equivocat. Potser els que havien perdut el món de vista eren Sancho i tots els personatges que desfilaven per la famosa novel·la de Miguel de Cervantes, desencantats de la terra que els envoltava. Potser l'única manera d'aventurar-se en aquest selvàtic segle XXI, benvolgut lector, és amb una bona llança i un bon escut.

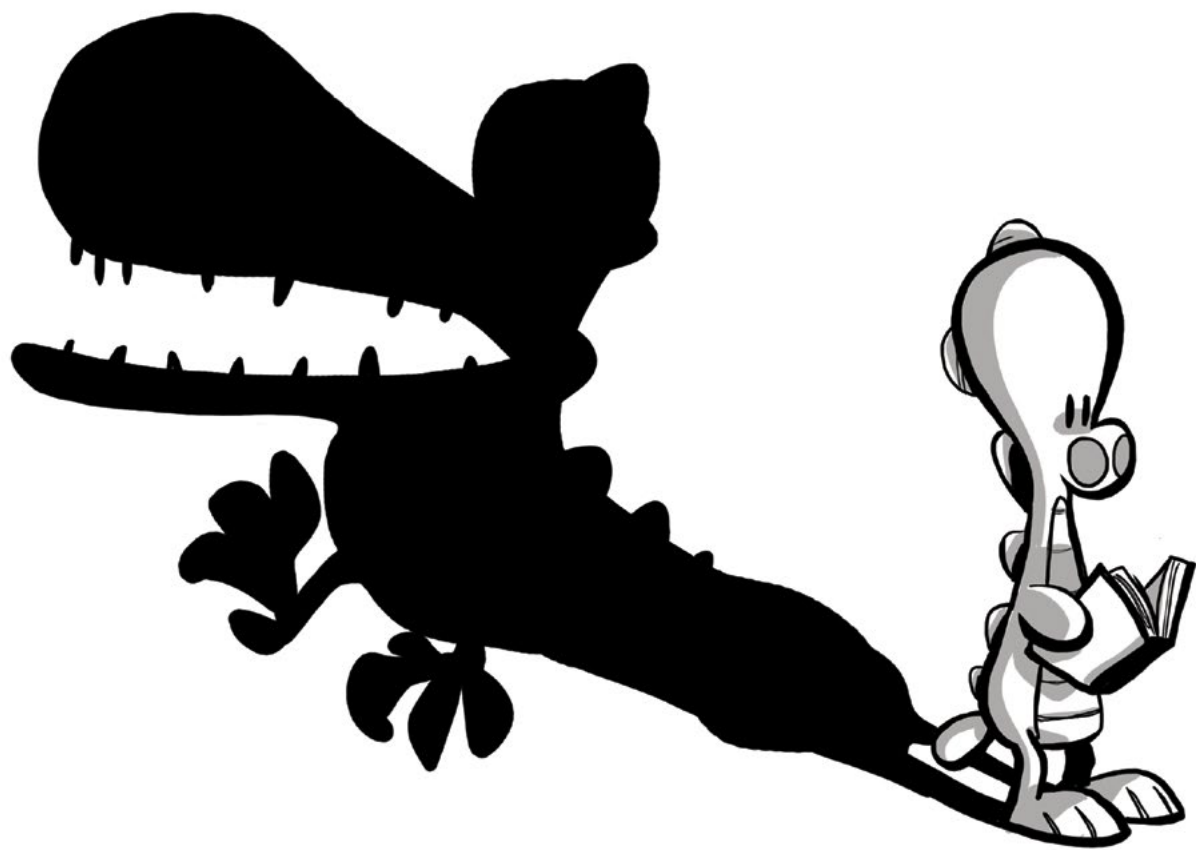
Aleix Porta Alonso
Barcelona, gener de 2015








Jordi: I think we may have to delay the movie release.



Introduction to the English version



Introducció a la versió anglesa

Many of these comic strips were drawn during the two years that Guillem and I shared a crummy little room on Haight Street, San Francisco in a house of 20 people and at least 9 dogs. At \$270 a month, we probably had the cheapest rent in the City from 2011 to 2013. The house was always full of life, but there never seemed to be enough toilet paper. Perhaps it is possible to have enough of only one of these two things at any time.

I consider myself someone who tends to appreciate the grimmer aspects of life, but I'll admit the potency of that house was often too much for me. Our room felt like a fragile but cozy fort, located in the very wildest part of the woods. It was a 10'x10' cell in the center of a never-ending party. Ink bottles, cooking pans, and about 100 plush toys that Guillem had rescued from the street hardly shielded our walls from the ruckus outside. Our work was done on rickety homemade desks which we'd built into the beam supporting our lofted beds. The floor was covered

in crunchy sunflower shells and pencil shavings. There were no windows, just a single skylight where pigeons gathered to poo and passionately coo every morning, until we threw a shoe or two. The noise sometimes scared them off long enough for us to fall back to sleep. When I became overwhelmed with it all, I escaped on long walks over the hillier parts of the city. Guillem found similar self maintenance in the daily drawing of his comic strip.

Some of his strips were inspired by the events of those days, but I think drawing them has primarily been a means for Guillem to reconcile his existence as an art student far from home with his desire to maintain his Catalan roots. For those readers unfamiliar with Catalanian culture, Sant Jordi (Saint George) is the patron saint of Catalonia. He is most famous for slaying a dragon and rescuing a princess, to whom he presents a rose which grew from the spot the dragon's blood hit the ground. April 23rd is his day, and on this day it is traditional for Catalanian

men to give women roses, and for women to give men books. "Traditional" is not a word most people would use to describe Guillem or his artwork, but I believe that his tendency towards stability in his work and aspiration to help old things persist and grow has led Guillem to center his work around these characters "Jordi" and dragon friend "Oslo".

The life that makes this book and the characters it contains feel good is the kind that has developed slowly with consistent attention and love. I find it a refreshing rarity to see such a young artist work on a single thing so diligently for so long. Stuff in the world which is good has life that can be felt. This book is such stuff.

Josh McCreedy
January 2015

PERSONATGES



JORDI

En Jordi és el nostre heroi. És un noi eixerit i ben divertit. És passional, hiperactiu i té ganes d'aprendre-ho tot. Li agrada beure te i escoltar música. El més característic d'en Jordi és que sempre va vestit de cavaller. Juga principalment a caçar dracs i conquerir castells. Creu que l'Oslo és un eriçó i és per això que a ell no li fa res. L'actor preferit d'en Jordi és el Peter Lorre. No li agrada l'ensaladilla russa.

Jordi is our little hero. He's cute and funny. He's very passionate, hyperactive and always wants to learn it all. He likes drinking tea and listening to music. The most iconic thing about Jordi is that he's always wearing a suit of armor. He loves conquering castles and killing dragons. He doesn't attack his best friend however, because he thinks that Oslo is a hedgehog.



OSLO

Ningú sap ben bé d'on ha sortit l'Oslo. Però el que sí que sabem és que és un drac d'altres temps. És molt llest, tranquil i respectuós. Tot i que no es comporta així amb el Nietzsche, el llargandaix que sempre li fa la guitza, i que s'ha convertit en el seu arxienemic. Com al Jordi, li agrada veure Earl Grey i llegir. Durant el seu temps lliure o quan no està amb el Jordi, juga amb en Tora, el gos del veïnat, i amb el Noam Chomsky, entre d'altres. Evita sempre entrar dins la boira.

Nobody knows where Oslo really came from, but we do know that he's a dragon from ancient times. He's very smart, quiet and respectful. He likes drinking Earl Grey, just like Jordi and reading. Although he's nice to everybody, Oslo is a little annoyed with Nietzsche, the lizard that always bugs him just for fun. He mainly hangs out with Jordi, but in his free time, Oslo hangs out with Tora, the dog, and Noam Chomsky. Oh, and one crucial fact about him is that he shouldn't be in the fog. Trust me.



SÍGRID

La Sigríð és un nervi. És la veïna d'en Jordi i l'Oslo. A més, també van a la mateixa escola. És membre de Greenpeace i molt crítica amb la situació política actual. Tot i ser la més responsable, no té ni un pèl de seriosa, i sempre vol que tothom sigui feliç. Sempre està llegint llibres de filosofia i és molt fan de Simone de Beauvoir. Quan veu escenes de batalla a les pel·lícules, sempre es preocupa més pels cavalls que pels propis soldats.

Sigríð is Jordi and Oslo's neighbor. They go to the same school and hang together. She reads lots of books (mostly Simone de Beauvoir) and is a member of Greenpeace. She's also very critical of the current geopolitical situation.

Characters



NIETZSCHE

El Nietzsche és un llargandaix que viu feliç emprenyant l'Oslo. No parla cap idioma comprensible, però sempre fa saber els seus motius de manera clara.

Nietzsche is a lizard who lives happily, bugging Oslo and making his life a bit worse. He enjoys pizza and, although he can't talk, everybody knows what he's up to.



CHOMSKY

En Noam Chomsky és un professor de lingüística, filòsof i activista amic de l'Oslo. Sempre que poden queden per parlar del futur de la humanitat i els problemes de la societat actual.

Noam Chomsky - renown linguistic professor and activist - is one of Oslo's best friends. They hang out a lot and they discuss the future of humanity among other subjects.



GORKA

En Gorka és un pirata modern. La seua missió és salvar el món de la injustícia i no té mai cap problema en passar a l'acció (en general intenta salvar a Julian Assange). Casualment, ningú l'ha vist mai en companyia d'en Jordi.

Gorka is a modern pirate. His mission is to save the world from injustice and he never hesitates in doing whatever it takes to do so (he's mostly trying to free Julian Assange). Coincidentally, nobody has ever seen him in the same room as Jordi.



HIPOCONDRIAC */Hiccupothamus*

Hi ha gent a qui li ve el singlot quan menja molt, i a d'altres, quan tasten picant. A l'Hipocondríac encara no està clar què li fa venir el singlot. El que sí se sap és que li agraden les piscines i cantar a la dutxa.

Some people get hiccups from being full, others from eating spicy food. For the Hiccupothamus, it is still unknown what triggers his hiccups. He is also a very regular swimmer.



Sígrid: Would you please stop Jordi?!



Jordi: Wait, let me finish the coda.



Jordi: Hmmm. Interesting. It imakes you think.



Do you have any books that are not in Braille?

* Library for the blind.



Jordi: Look Camila, when my Bat-Pig hears your AstroCat, he tries to eat him!



31-5



Haha. What am I saying? Bat-pigs can't hear.



Jordi: Ms. Postman! Wait, I have a letter right here!



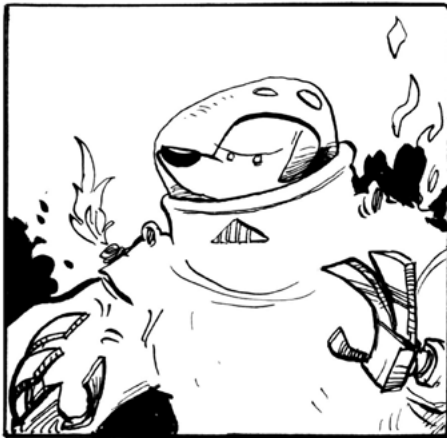
Ms.Postman: Did you get the right address this time?



2-6

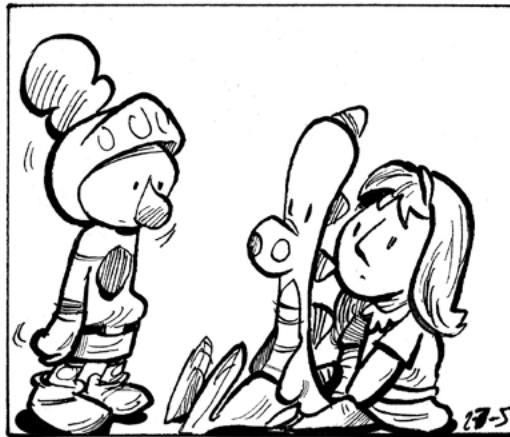


No Jordi, sigrid@postoffice.com won't work either!!



Jordi: Your luck is over evil Anubis!

Your dog ran away again Mr. Ramon.



Sígrid: You're terrible at this game Jordi.

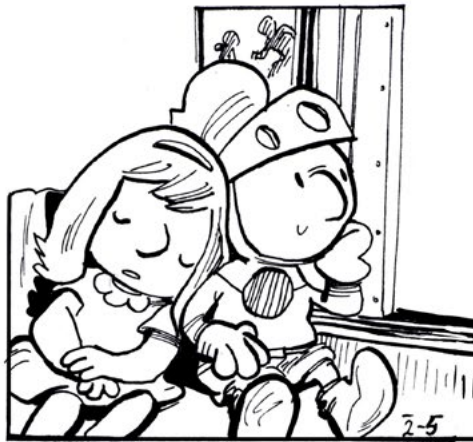
Jordi: It doesn't really matter. I didn't want to be a policeman anyway.



Jordi: Oslo! I'm done with my homework!



Now I'm only two weeks behind.



Sígrid: Oh! We made it already?
That trip seemed so short!



Sígrid: Where are you going?

Jordi: To search this Waldo guy on Google!



How strange!



Google couldn't find Waldo!



He must be hiding in China.



Jordi: You know,

Nietzsche is almost as hard to understand as it is to spell.

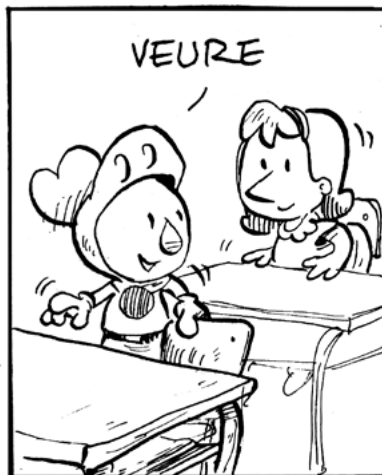


Sígrid: Oh no! There's no food.
We should call a grown-up.

Jordi: Nah, don't worry, we'll figure it out.

Sígrid: Also...The internet is not working either...

Jordi: CALL AN ADULT! QUICK!



Jordi: Yesterday

Memento

Watched

I



Jordi: Oh no! It's raining!



3-7



Of course...



Prisoner's Log: It has already been 20 minutes since I was sentenced...



From here I can see all my friends outside, playing free and happy.



While I'm still in here chained to a damn plate of tasteless mush.



Dad: Jordi! I won't tell you again!



Jordi: Look! Joan!



Sígrid: You call that seagull by name?



Jordi: Wait, don't you name yours?



Sígrid: Don't you think that's too much weight?



Jordi: No way! It can carry up to 20MB of attachments!

ES CURIÓS COM A VEGADES ELS
ANIMALS SÓN MÉS FAMOSOS QUE
ELS PROPIS CIENTÍFICS...!



Sígrid: It's funny how sometimes scientists' animals are more famous than the scientists themselves!

L'OVELLA DOLLY, ELS GOSSOS DE
PAVLOV, EL GAT DE SCHRODINGER
...

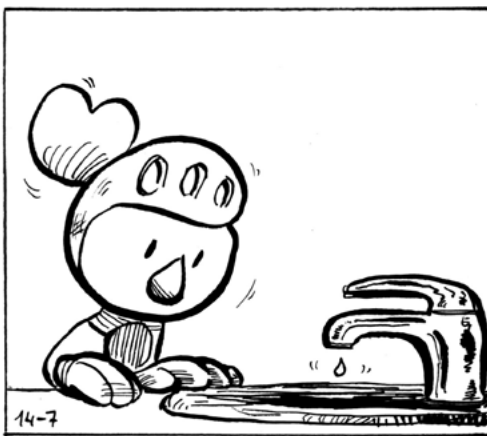
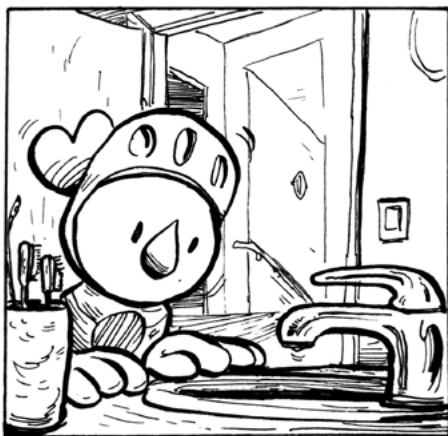


Dolly the sheep, Pavlov's Dogs, Schrodinger's cat...

SNOOPY...



Jordi: Snoopy.



PORTO UNS DIES QUE
ESTIC MOLT FILSOFIC!

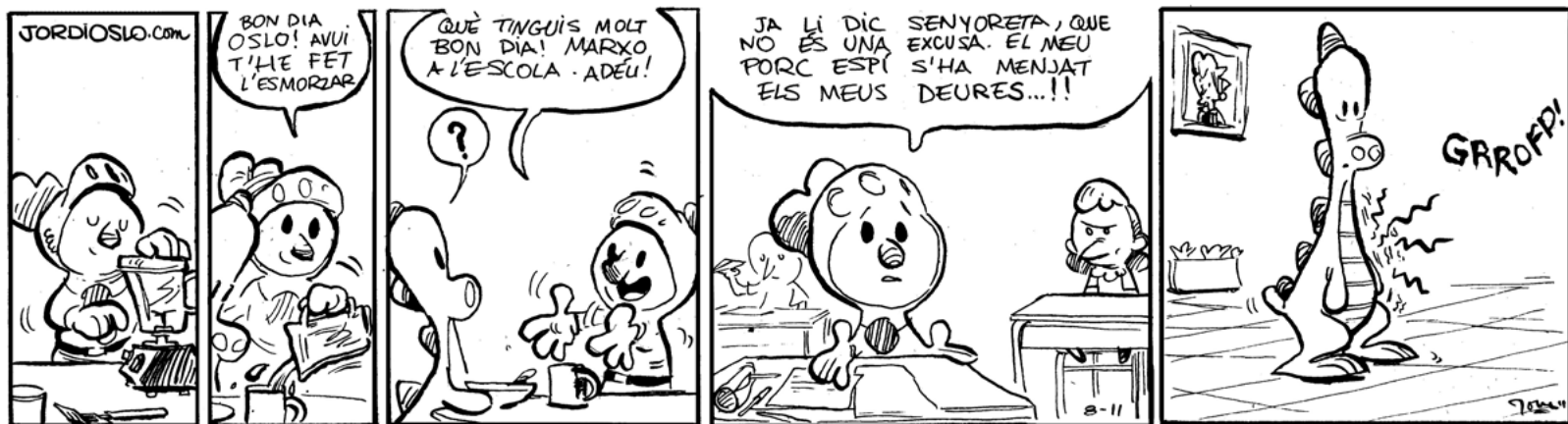


I have been in a very philosophical mood lately.



Oslo, what are you doing sleeping upright?

Lay down! Don't you see you'll be more comfortable?



Morning Oslo, I've made your breakfast today!

Hope you have a great day. I'm going to school now. Bye!

I swear Ms. H, it's not an excuse! My hedgehog ate my homework!



Jordi: It's a dead fly. So what?



Sígrid: You think they'll kick me out of Greenpeace?



Sígrid: I wonder where my lipstick went!



Jordi: Lipstick?



Ooohhh! So that's why this didn't stick so well!



Jordi: Check it out, this GPS is the latest model.



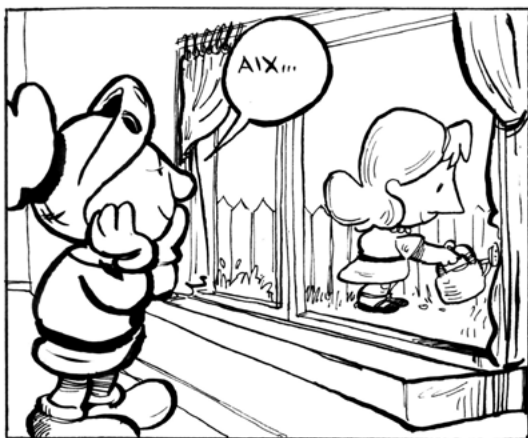
Let's see where I am...



Look! It says I'm right here!



Now, let's see where you are...



Jordi: *Sigh*



Oslo, have you ever been...



Nevermind. I'm sure you hedgehogs don't know what love is.



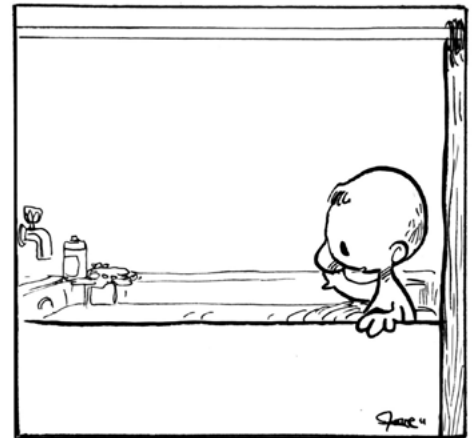
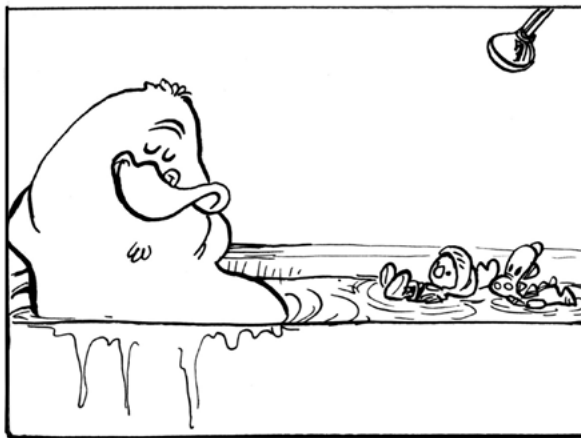
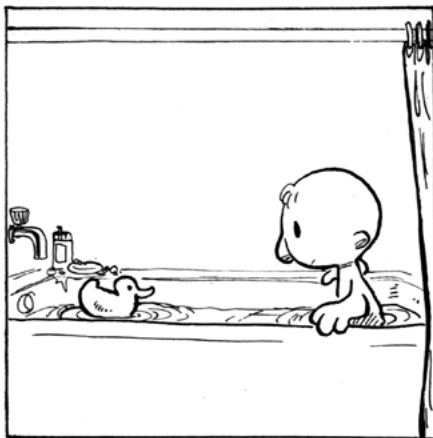
Don't be afraid Oslo, the pool isn't so deep!



...plus I doubt anything will happen to you since...



...you're wearing your floatie!





Jordi: Surrender!

Sígrid: No way. By order of the UN resolution of 1982, the armed assault of...

Jordi: Not again! I hate medieval politics.

Sígrid: Sore loser.



Sígrid: [...] "Religion is the people's opium."

Jordi: Marx never heard of professional sports?



Jordi: Aren't you cold?



It might be because you're a hedgehog!



I don't know...



This cold will for sure delay my puberty.



Sígrid: I can't believe it!



I guess you were right. It's right there in your throat.



I'm sorry!



Jordi: Next time believe me when I tell you I almost choked on Gandhi, not candy!



Aunt: Oh what a cute boy!
He's so sweet! I would eat him!

Is it made of sugar?
He's such a cutie-pie!

Sígrid: Where are you going Jordi?
Jordi: To get some insulin.



Jordi: Two tickets to Greece please.

Flight Attendant: I'm sorry, but you're too young to fly!

Jordi: I told you they wouldn't let us fly with the Molotov Cocktails!



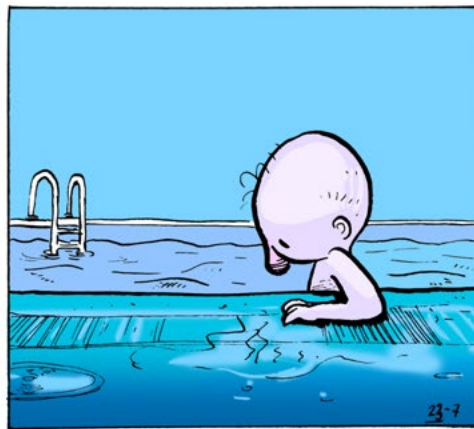
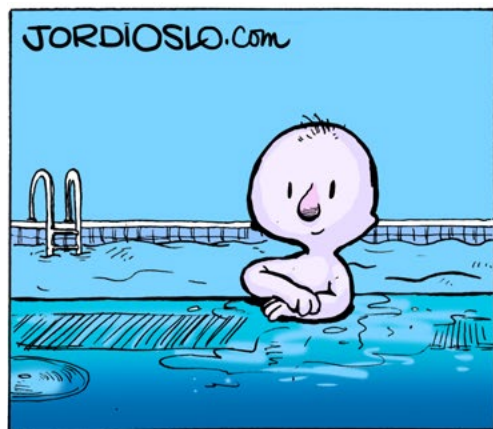
Jordi: Here little birds, have some bread!



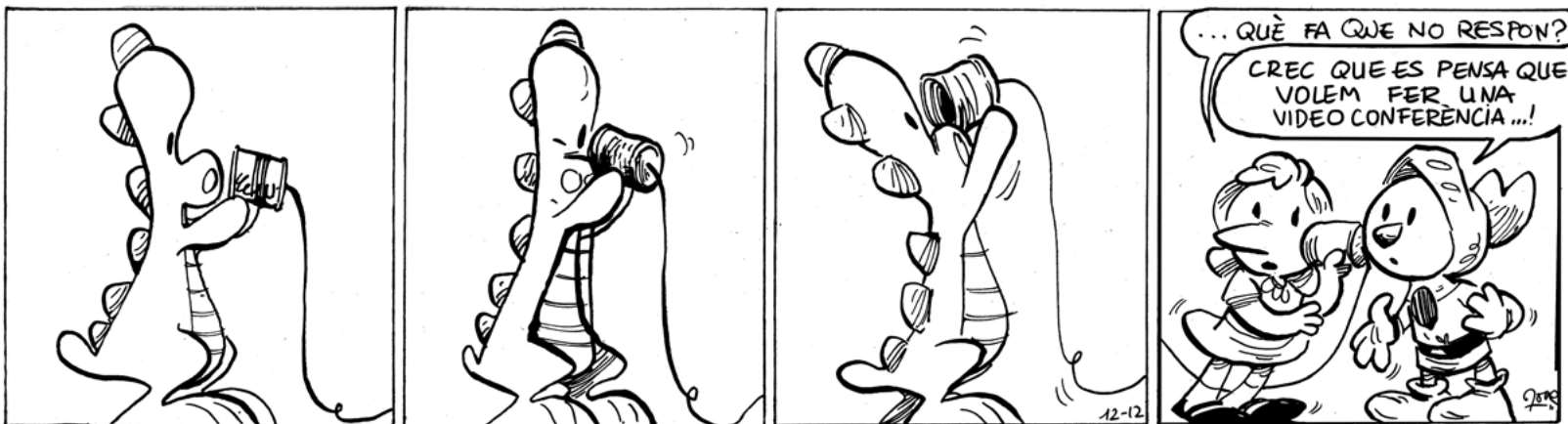
Sigrid: You shouldn't be feeding the pigeons!



Jordi: They aren't pigeons. They are grey doves!

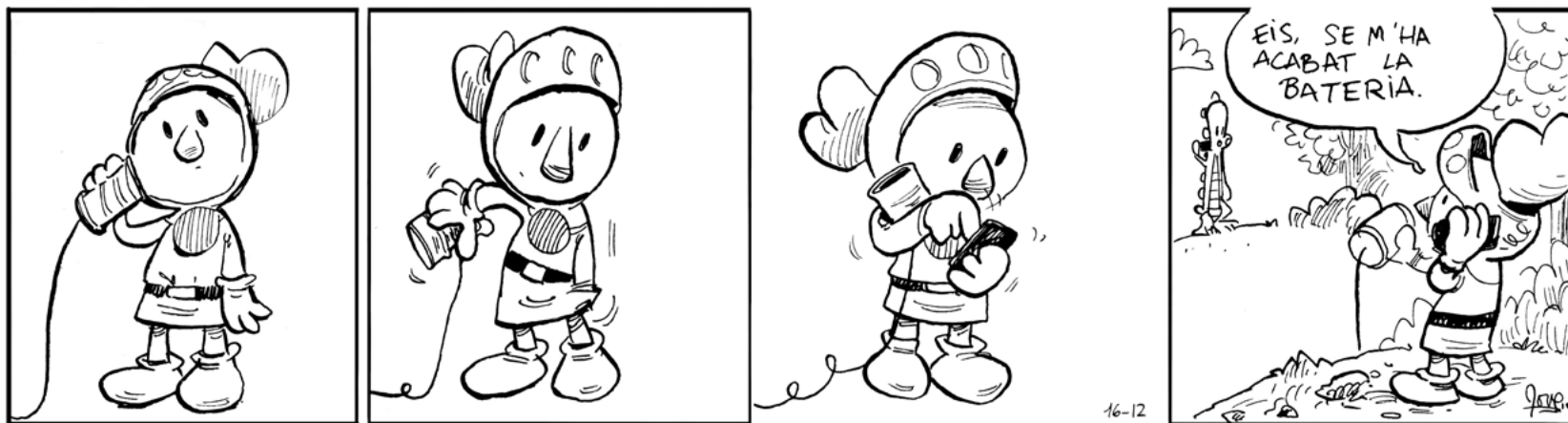


Jordi: The thing they say about chlorine changing color is not true!



Sígrid: ...why isn't he responding?

Jordi: He thinks it's a video call.



Jordi: Hey. I ran out of battery.



Jordi: I've finally come to a point where I can distinguish between my left and right shoe.



But I still can't get my head around...



...Knowing which sock goes where!



Jordi: Wow! I dreamt I was forgetting something important!



Oh! Of course! The light!







Jordi: Here Sigrid, check out my new totem.



You don't like it?



Sigrid: It smiles too much!

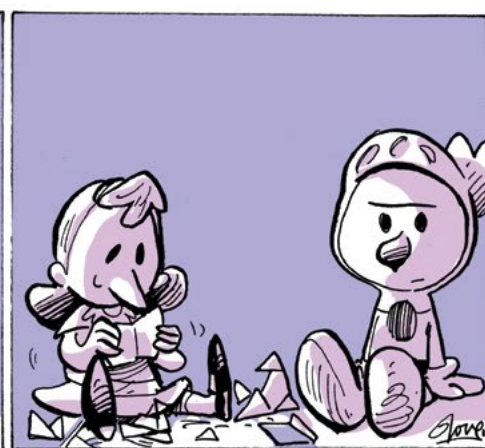


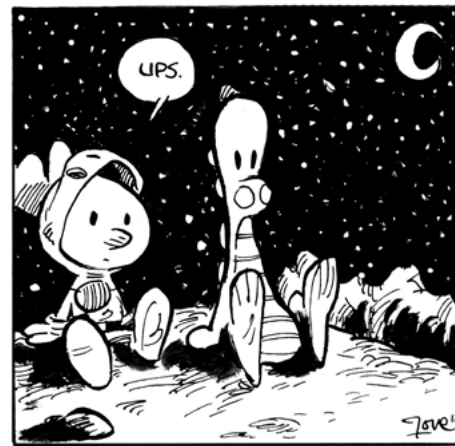
Sigrid: What are you doing Jordi?

Jordi: Origami.



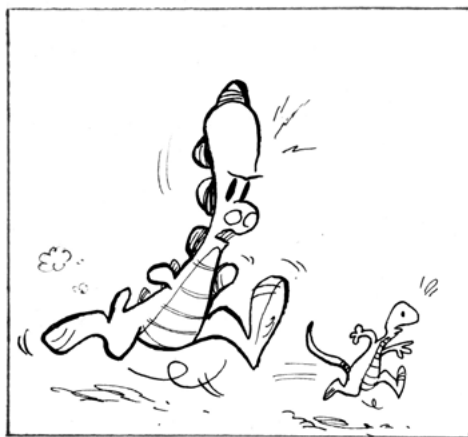
Sigrid: Boring! Looks lame!





Jordi: Don't leave for tomorrow what you could ...

Whoops.



Jordi: You should re-think your way of life.



Jordi: Everyone's plugged to the tv today.

How can people be so obtuse?

Our culture is a residual one.

"Panes et circenses"



Oslo? What are you doing?! It's 4 am!

Well, nothing interesting here...





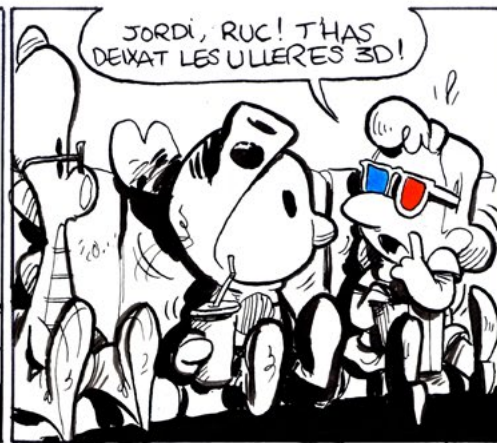
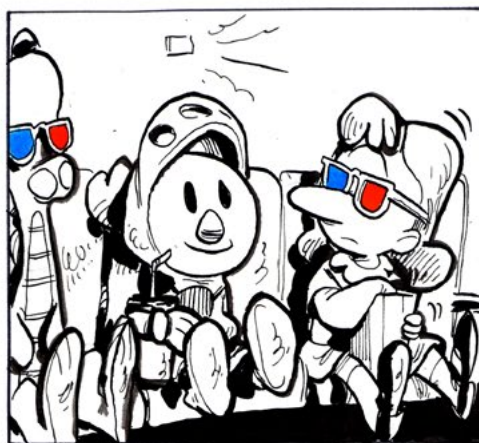
Sígrid: Enough! I'm sick of wearing pink all the time!



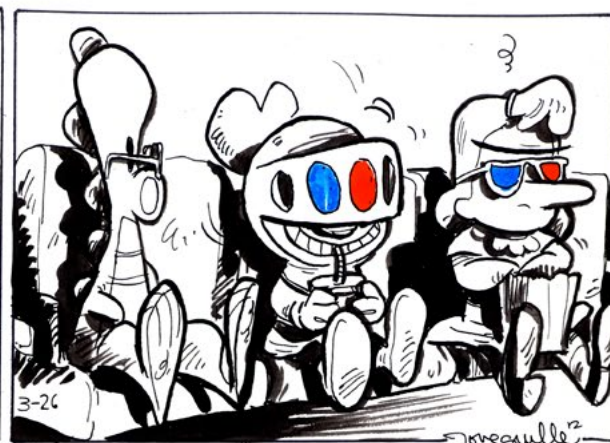
I can't bear the sight of pink anymore! You can't tell me what to wear! Do you think I'm a DOG?



Don't ask.



Sígrid: Jordi! You forgot your 3D glasses silly!

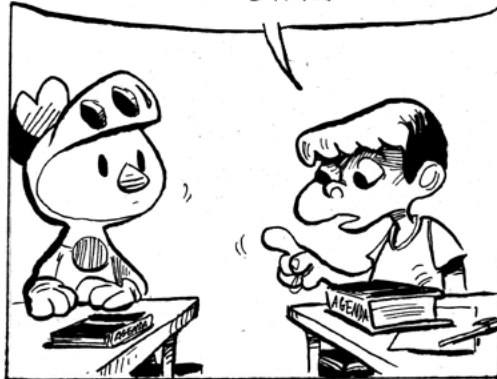




2-15

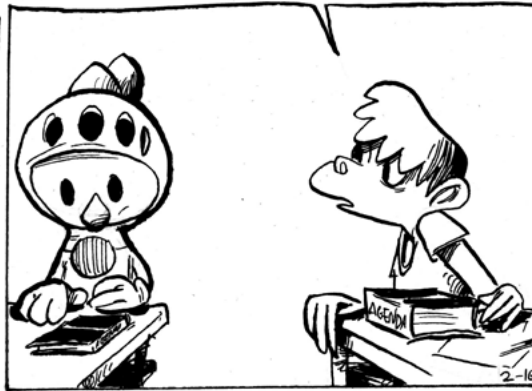
Jovequille¹²

WAÏVA TIO! QUINA AGENDA, NO?
SEMBLA MÉS PETITA... MMH...



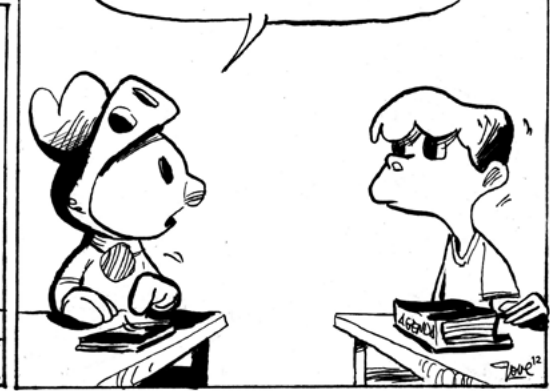
Joan: Wow! What a small planner
you have for this 2012!

QUÈ ÉS NOMÉS DEL CALENDARI ESCOLAR?



Joan: How come? Is it only
for the school days?

NO, DEL CALENDARI MAI A.



Jordi: It's the Mayan Calendar.



Sígrid: Oslo - Nura, Nura - Oslo

EI JORDI, L'ALTRE DIA VAIG NOTAR
QUE L'OSLO ES FIXAVA EN LA MEUA
AMIGA NURA, LA VIOLINISTA.
QUÈ LI AGRADA POTSER?



Sígrid: Do you think Oslo likes my
friend Nura, the violinist?

VOLS DIR? JO NO HE
NOTAT PAS RES!!



Jordi: You think? I didn't notice anything.

**How to learn the violin*



Jordi: Oslo! I know you are trying to scare us, but it won't work!



Sígrid: You look pretty scared to me.



Jordi: Only Puff the magic dragon can scare me! A little hedgehog like you won't do!



Jordi: Ice cream, ice cream!



Sígrid: Jordi, please. You have no patience. Wait a little bit.



Jordi: How dare you call me impatient...



Ice cream, ice cream!



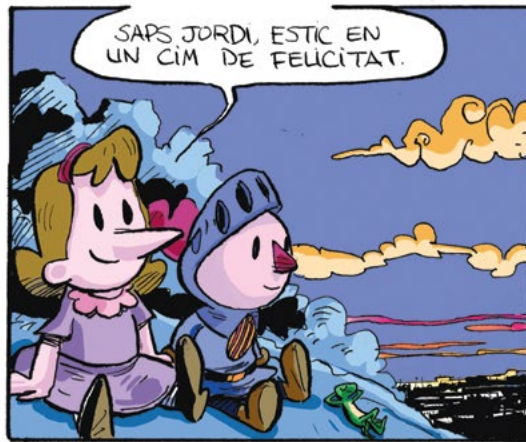
Jordi: Spring is here! It's spring!



Spring is here! It's spring!



Sígrid: I thought you'd hidden his Vivaldi record. Please, hide it tomorrow, or it's going to be a horrible season.



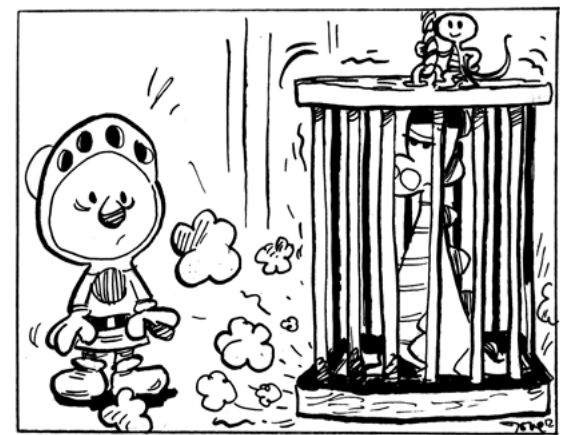
Sígrid: You know Jordi, I feel I'm on the summit of happiness.



Jordi: That's terrible! Why did you say that?!



Jordi: It will just be downhill from now on...!



Jordi: So what if your arch-nemesis is named after your favorite philosopher?

It is still just a lizard!



Sígrid: Hi Oslo! How were your holidays? Everything here is still the same...

...and Jordi has been having a lot of fun with the new dog in town. He hasn't missed you one bit he said!

Jordi: C'mon Tora! Attack! It's Nietzsche!



Jordi: Tea is ready!



Darjeeling for Sigrid,



...and green tea for you, Oslo.



Jordi: Last night I had a terrifying dream!



...I dreamt Jack the ripper was out to get me!



Weird isn't it?

* Haircuts. Free one for Jordi



Jordi: You know, I might not
have told you before...

...but I feel your
hobbies are a bit odd.



Jordi: The best thing about
this comic is the dog!



It's so funny, even
if he's just sleeping!



Unlike you!



Sígrid: Oh no! The fuse went out! All the city is in the dark!



Run! We must save my little cousin. She's in great danger!



She's here in the cradle. Good!

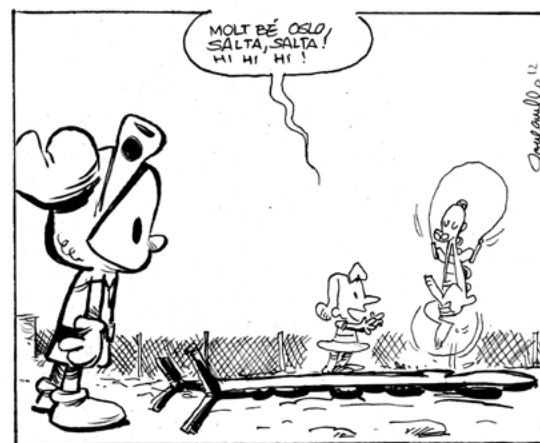
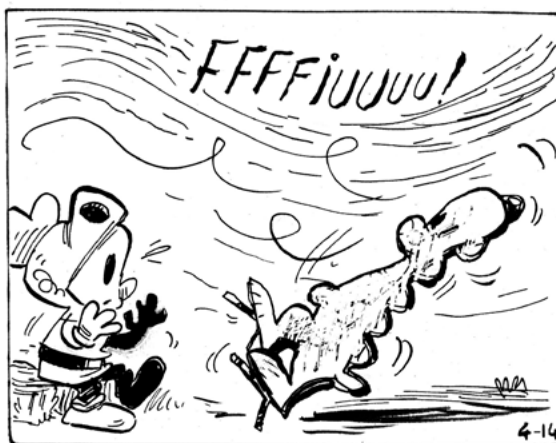
Jordi: Why? What's going on?



Sígrid: Don't you know? When lights go out there's B A B Y B O O M!



Jordi: And that is why I feel like nobody wants to listen or play with me.



Sígrid: Good job Oslo. Jump, jump. Higher! Higher!



Sígrid: Look. I made my own corporate logo for my name.



Jordi: Sígrid, that already exists. It's the dollar sign.



Sígrid: Dang it! I knew I should have used this other one!



Jordi: Today at school they told me my quotient.



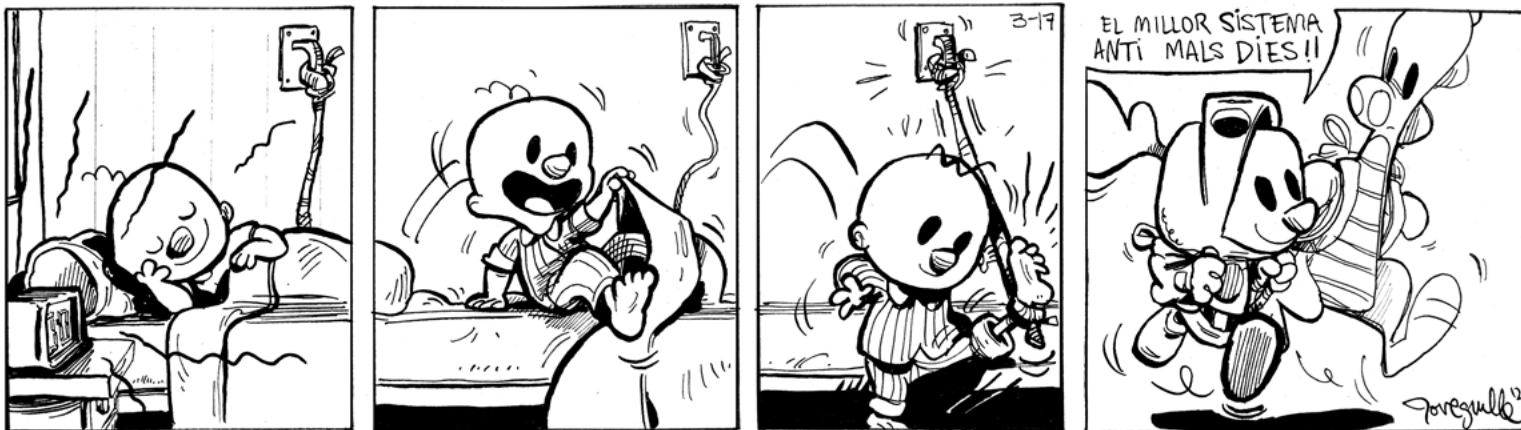
They gave me a **quote** of how dumb I can actually be!



Sígrid: Jordi, you're just a kid. Be **patient**.



Exactly! Quo-tient!



Jordi: It's the best system against bad days!



Sígríð: Blue is the color of... Of the sky.

Pink is the color of... my dress.

And green is the color of... of...

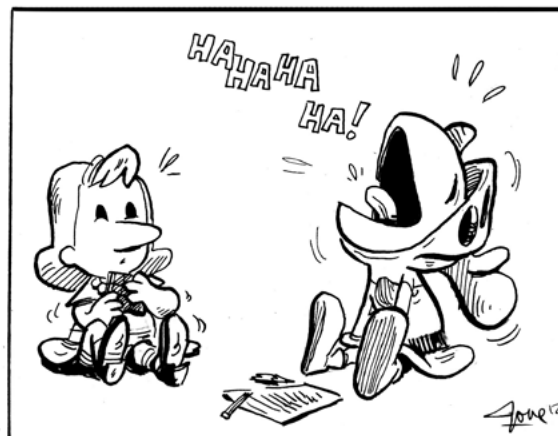
Avocado!



Jordi: Do you know that feeling where you are so frustrated that you just end up laughing?



Sígrid: Hmm. Not really!



Jordi: Oh! I'm falling!



Oh Gee! My nail broke and felloff.



Hurray!



Oh, I guess you were right. It only works with teeth.



Jordi: Why are you telling me I don't have imagination?



Sigríð: Finish your lentils and we'll discuss it.



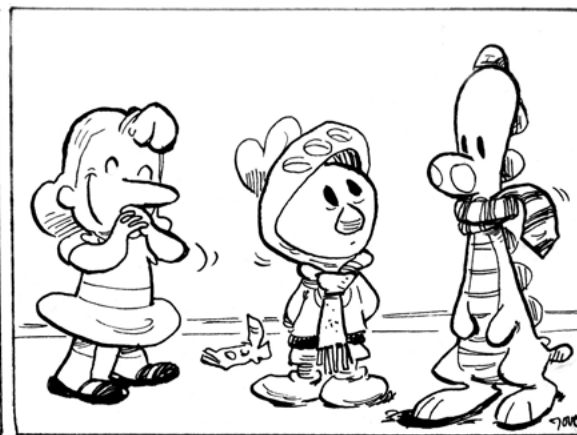
Jordi: These are pebbles!

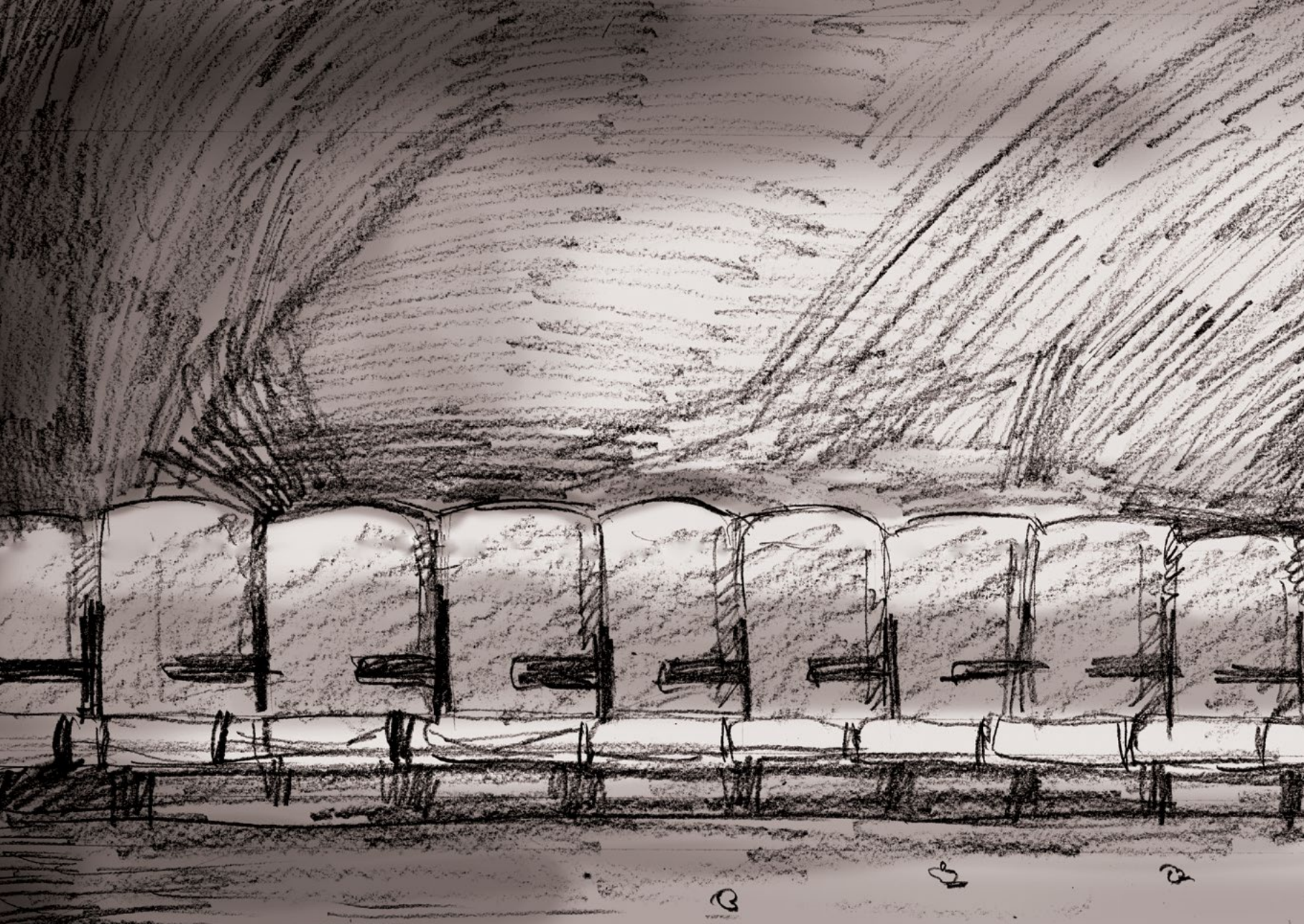


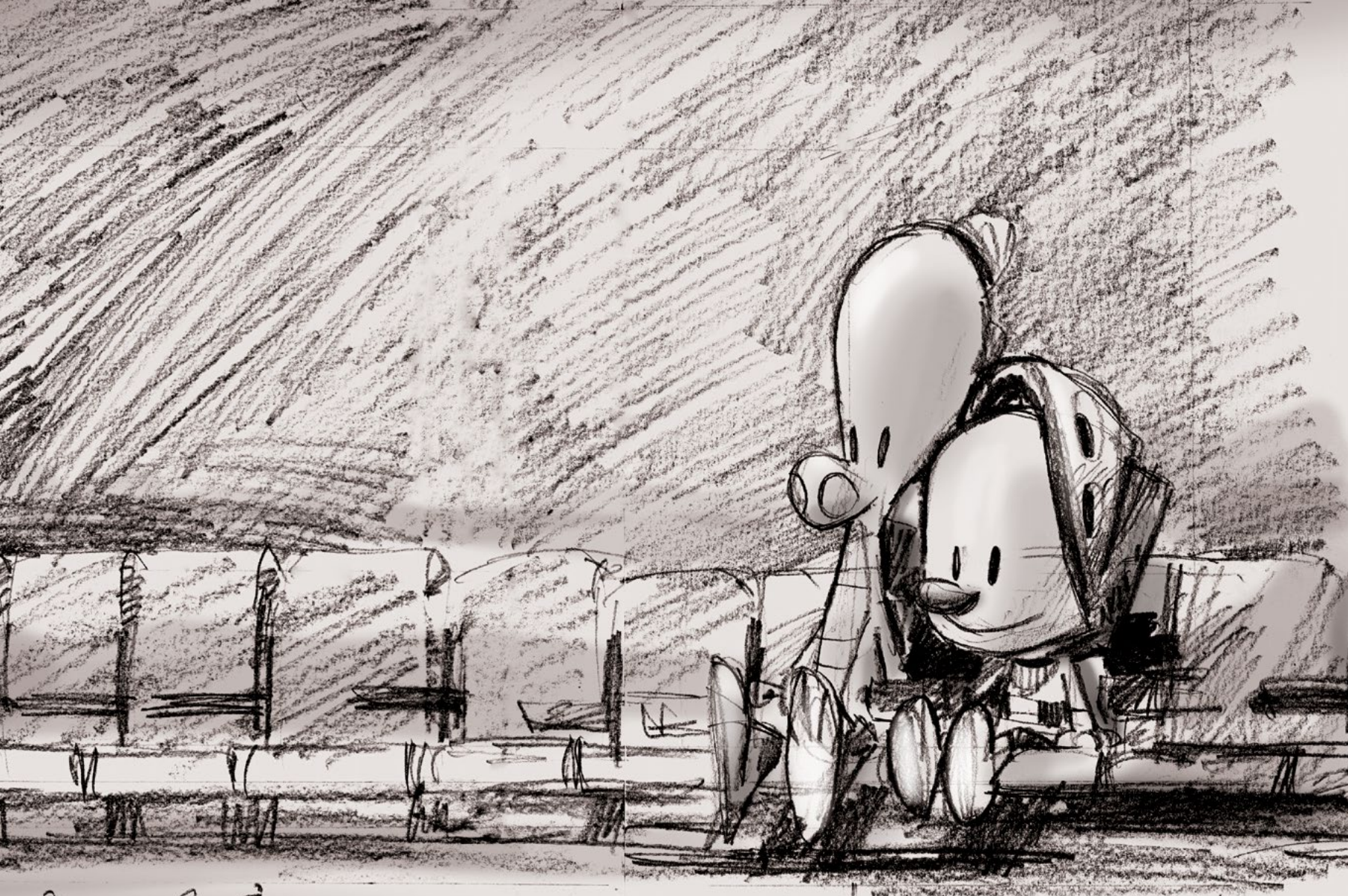
Sigríð: I'll fix you up in no time!

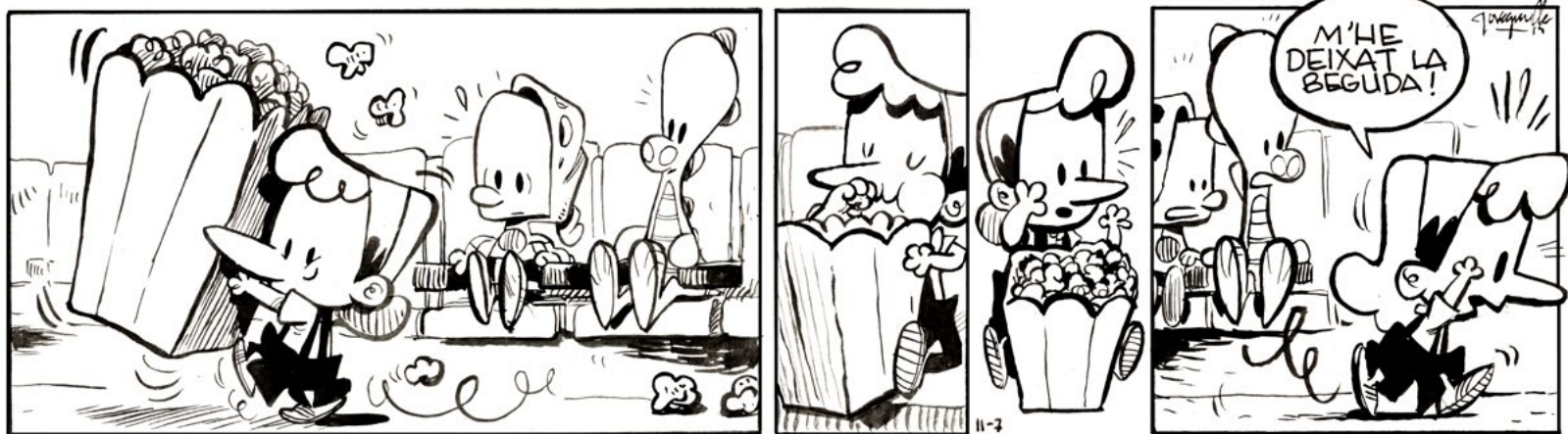
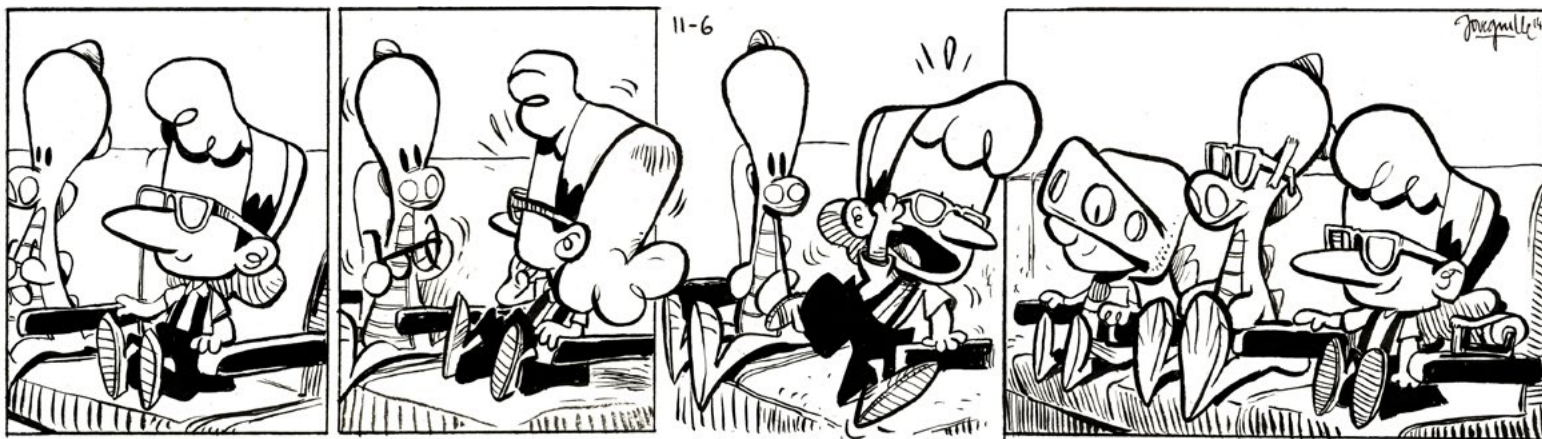


You'll wear a scarf and Oslo a tie!

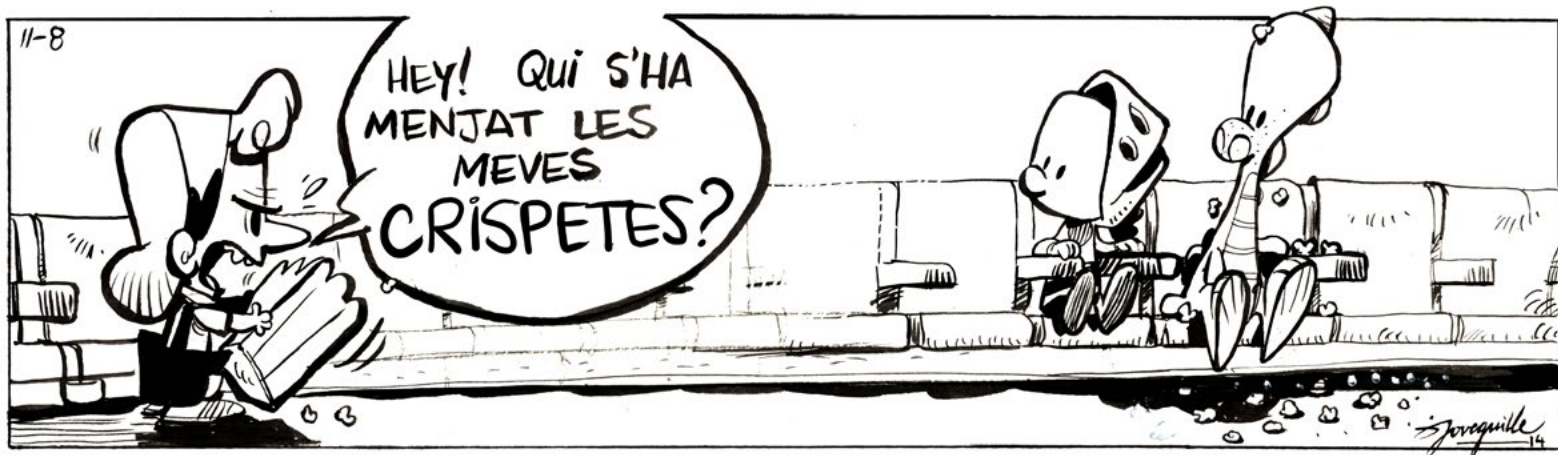








Sígrid: I forgot my drink!



Sigrid: WHO ATE MY POPCORN?!



Jordi: That movie felt very long!

Sigrid: True! It was almost as long as the previews!



Jordi: New album from the Amics de les Arts!



Jordi: Oslo, do you know how to set up the record player in Catalan?



Jordi: Oslo! Stop chasing Nietzsche!



Oslo: [Nietzsche?]



Oslo! Quick! I think my computer has a virus!

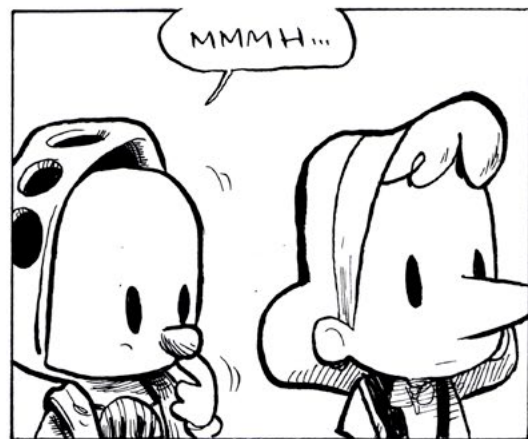


Suddenly it started to talk and tell me what to do!



Sígrid: Jordi! Stop it now or I'll hang up. I'm telling you I'm not a virus!

Jordi: Scary huh!?



Jordi: Hmmm.



Jordi: I'll be right back. I forgot my belt.



Jordi: It's a good thing I remembered!



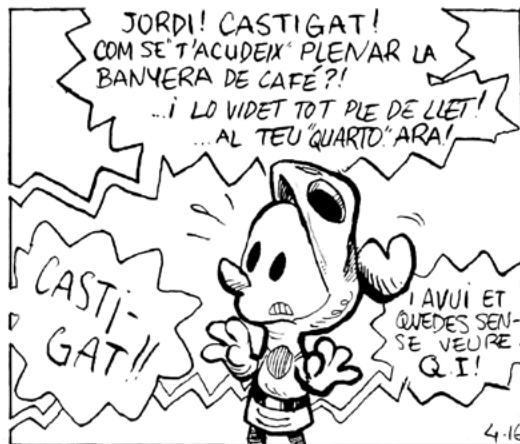
Jordi: Combing your hair is essential Oslo!
I'm not particularly presumptuous...

...but i know it's very important for
Sígrid to see my hair combed!

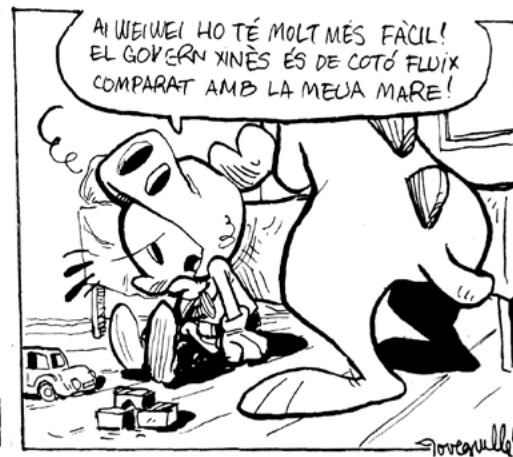
Ready, let's go!



Jordi: Come in people! My first art exhibit!



Parent: Jordi! You're grounded! What were
you thinking filling up the bath
with coffee?! Grounded! You're not
watching QI tonight!



Jordi: Ai Weiwei has it easy! The chinese
government is soft candy compared
to my parents!



Sígrid: I'm so excited I'll be your muse!



Jordi: How about this?



Sígrid: I said french girls, not russian!



Jordi: Where are you going?

Sígrid: To the protests! Today is the day of the workers and we are here out on the streets to fight for their rights and their jobs!



Jordi: What jobs?



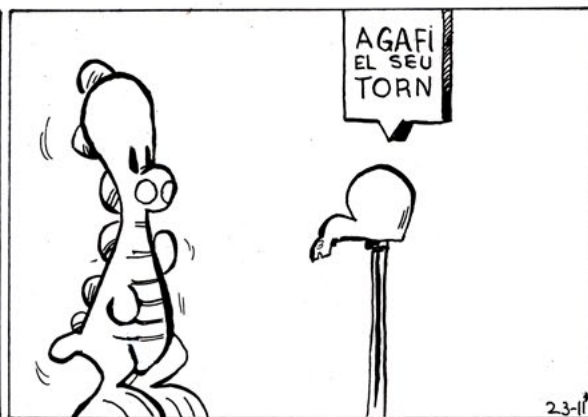
Jordi: Damn! What a useless chair!



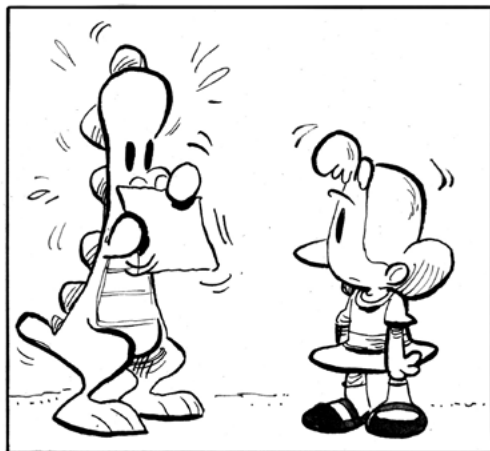
Jordi: Get out of here!



Nice. Now I understand why Native Americans sat this way on the floor. This is much better!



(take your turn)



Sígrid: I dont know where your pencils are!



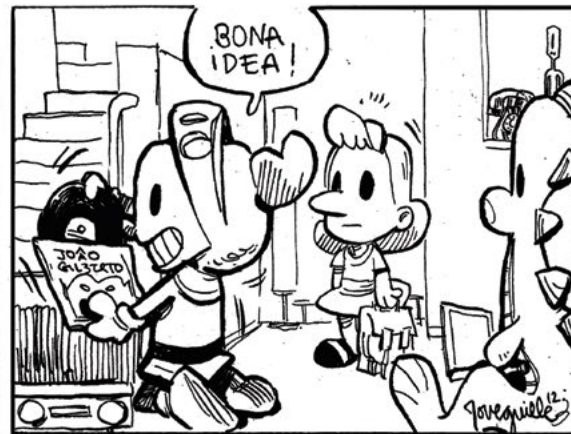
Pencil: I think we are lost.



Jordi: Humm. What should we listen to Oslo?



Sígrid: Hey guys! Do you like my new backpack? I can do Capoeira now!



Jordi: Good idea!



Interesting... I kinda miss Jordi.



Who could have told me, this always happens to me!



He's such a nice boy...!
<sigh>



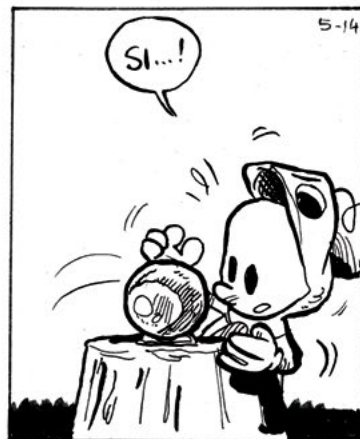
Except when he is here of course!



MMH.



VEIG, VEIG..



SI...!



SENS DUBTE! LA CANICA
MÉS GRAN QUE TINC!

Uhm... I see, I see..

Yes!

Without a doubt, this is my biggest marble!



HORA DE POSAR EN
PRÀCTICA LA MEUA CANICA
GEGANT!!



TOOOMA
CANICA!!!

NO!



LES MEUES
CIRERES!!

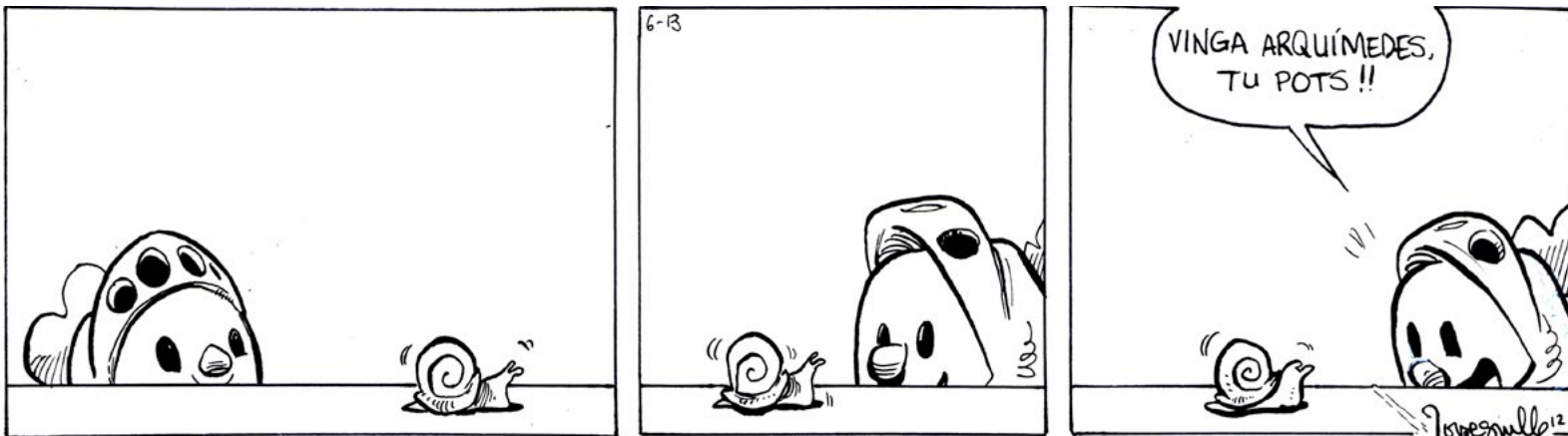
...UPS!

Jordi: It's time to put my giant
marble to practice!

Go Marble!

Sígrid: No!

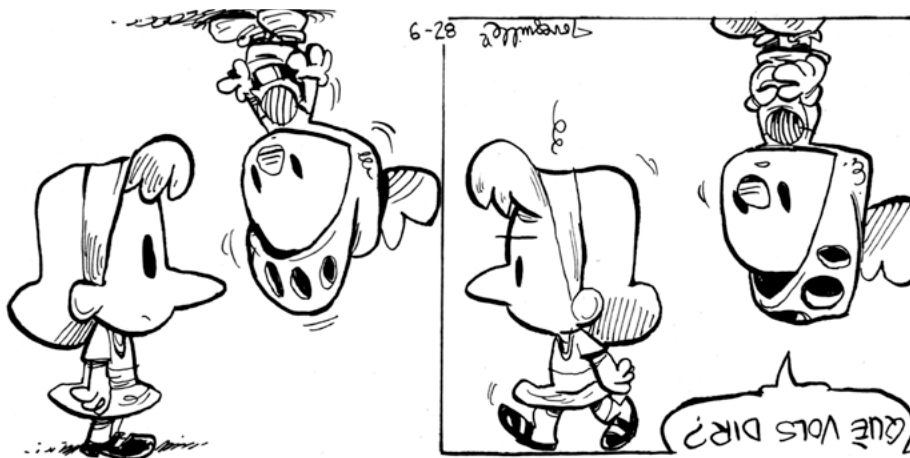
Sígrid: MY CHERRIES!
Jordi: Whoops!



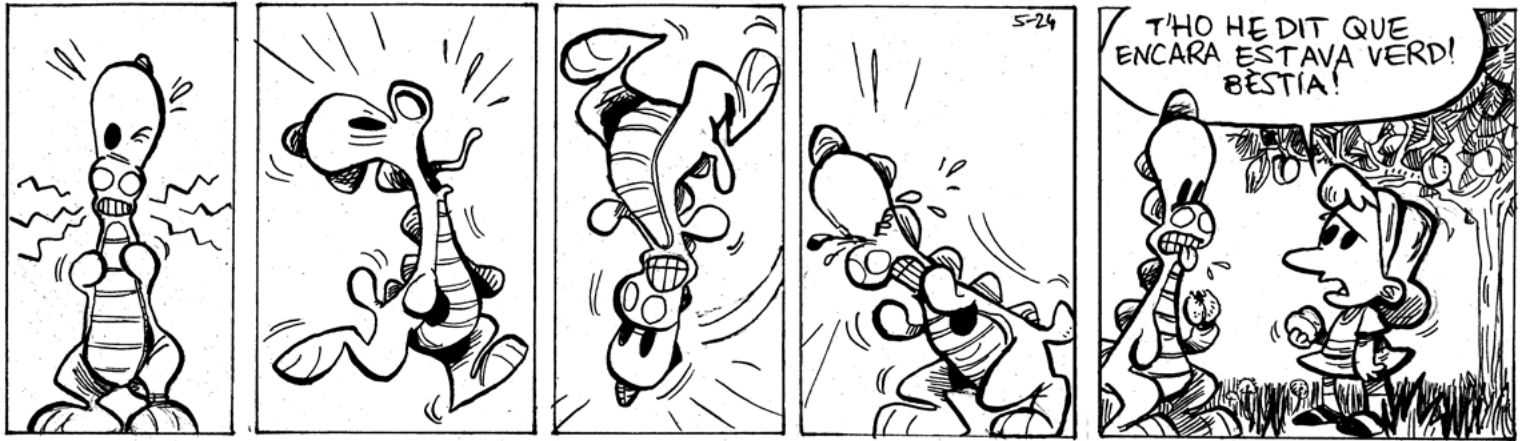
Jordi: Go Archimedes, go!



Sígrid: I don't think you completely understood me.



Jordi: What do you mean?



Sígrid: I told you it was still too soon to eat that one.



Sílvia: Hello Jordi!
Jordi: ...Hi Sílvia!

Sílvia, your smile is contagious,
but trust me, it won't work with me!

Poop!



Sígrid: My auntie's dog is very frightened of light and thunder.



Jordi: Of course! It's very normal for pets to be scared.



Jordi: Oslo is terrified of fog!



Jordi: I told you he was ticklish.



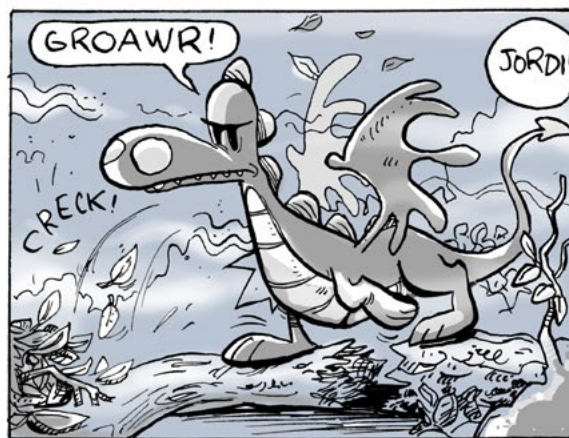
Jordi: Look, it seems like we're getting some fog today.



Oslo!!



I don't understand. What's with him and fog? Fog is harmless.



JORDI!



Sígrid: What was that noise Jordi?

Jordi: Nothing, the wind blowing away the fog! Oslo will be happy.



Sígrid: Oh!

Jordi: Hi Oslo! There's no fog anymore. Don't be scared.



Jordi: You know Oslo, life is pretty awesome!

I mean, despite having its problems, life can be beautiful and amazing!

Parent: Jordi, did you finish your homework for tomorrow?

Life is just misery and suffering!



You won't believe what I dreamt last night!



Sígríð: Good morning Jordi!



Oslo: I can guess...



Jordi: Just wait and see! It will be the best castle ever!



Sigrid: I understand the pit is an important part...



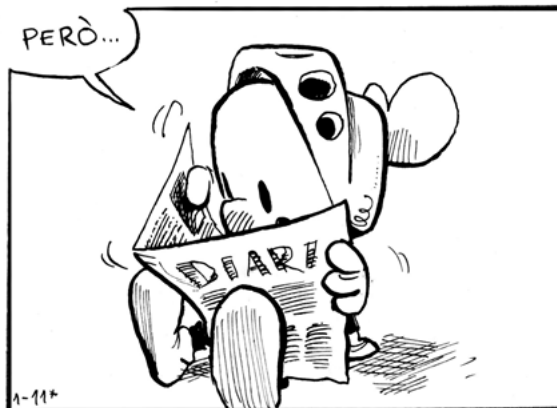
Same for the drawbridge....



But could you build the actual castle first?



Jordi: They want to extradite Julian Assange...



but...



...you'd think they will have to "dite" him first right?



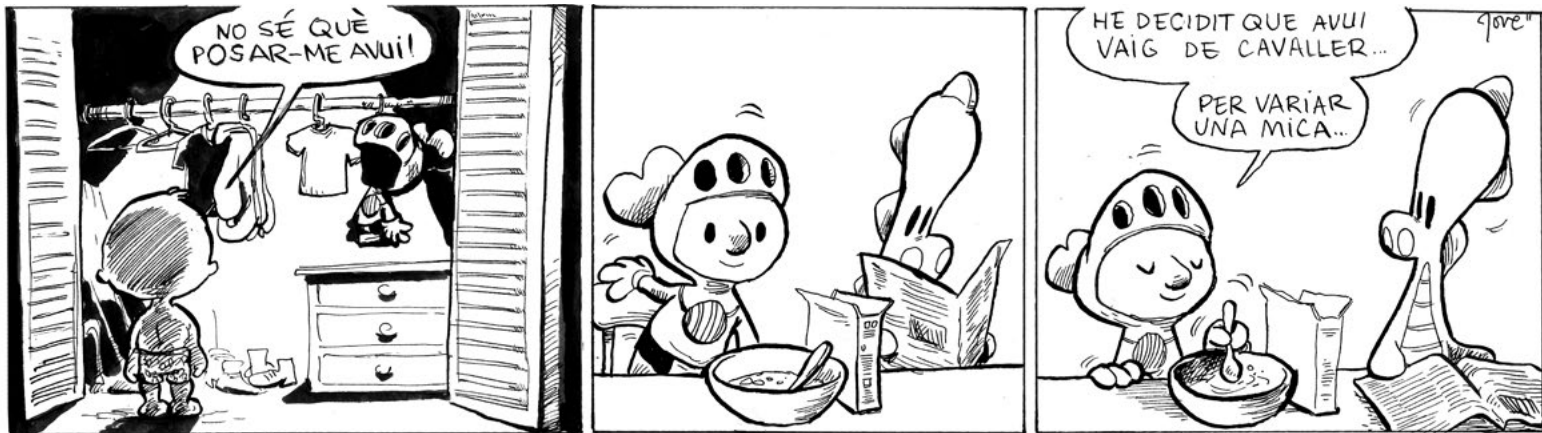
Sígrid: What's wrong Jordi?



Jordi: Library's too silent!...

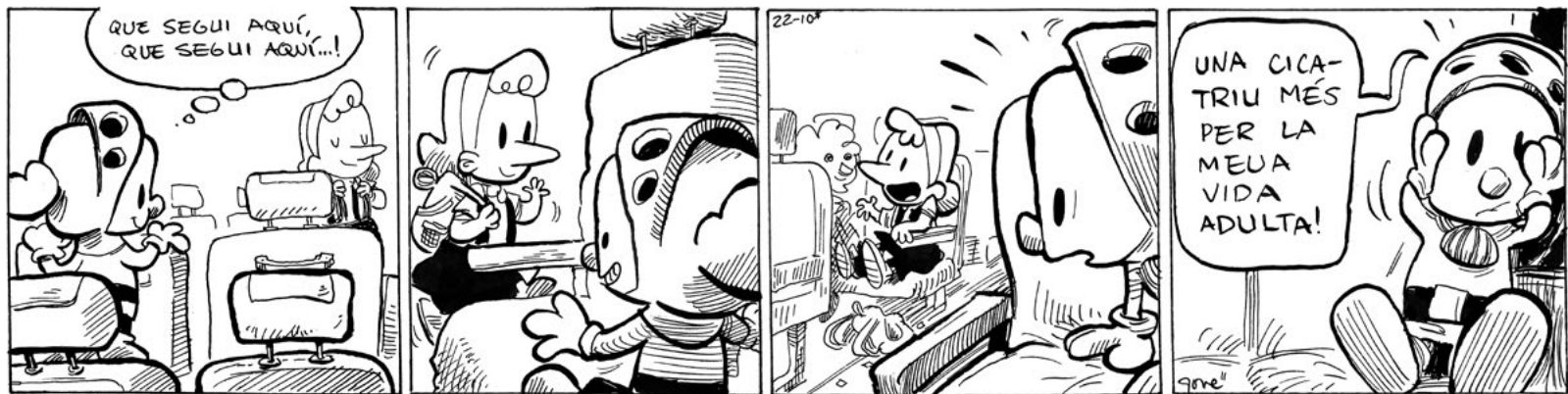


I don't think I can stand much longer without the modern world's constant noise...



I don't know what to wear today!

Today I decided to dress as a knight for a change.



Jordi: Please sit here, please sit here...!

Another story to tell my future therapist!



You know, over time, I've developed this new ability...

...which allows me to distinguish between various moods Sígrid has...!

...and something tells me today she's in a bad mood!



Sígrid: Yeah! I feel so happy!
What a great day!

I'm super duper happy! Today
will be the best of days!

Jordi: Try reading the newspaper for a change then!



Jordi: Oslo goes on picnics on Saturdays.

He hangs out with friends and they read books.

They nap, play, laugh, and eat again...

Sígrid: ...You on the other hand, have nothing to do on Saturdays, I see.



Sígrid: Did you know Daffodil flowers are called Narcis?

Look, that bee over there is on top of one...

Jordi: Of course! It's a narcissistic bee!



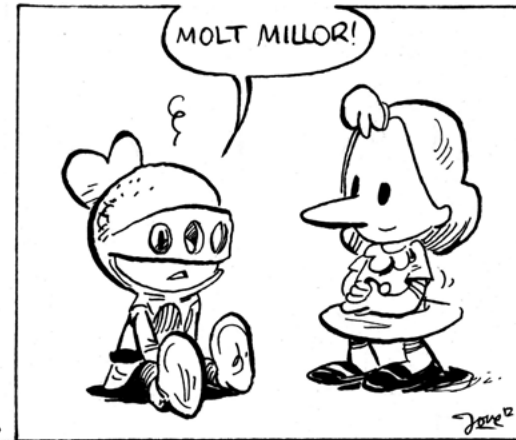
2-11



Jordi: I don't know, I think I just need to see it from a different point of view.



2-13



Much better!



3-13



3-15



Sígrid: Did you make it? Wow!
It's very nice Jordi.

Jordi: Yep, I made it to celebrate
the arrival of spring!

Sígrid: What?



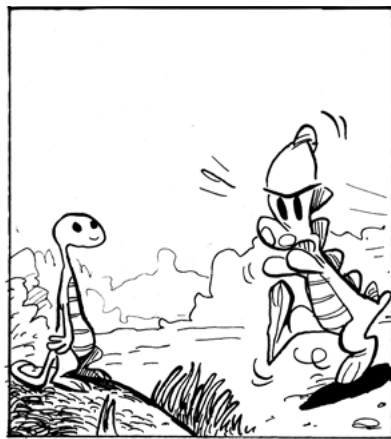
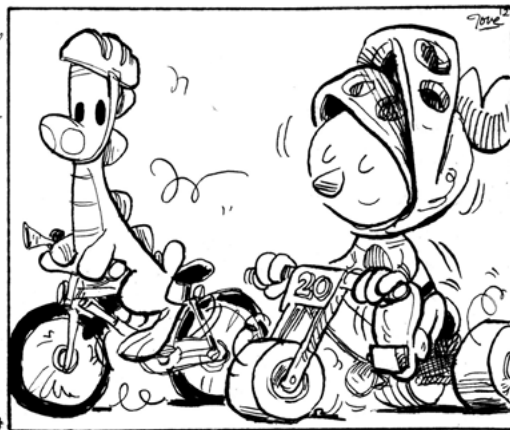
Jordi: Some cultures do it this way!



Ready Oslo?



Oh! I'm missing my helmet!



2-21





Hope?



Hope? Hope?

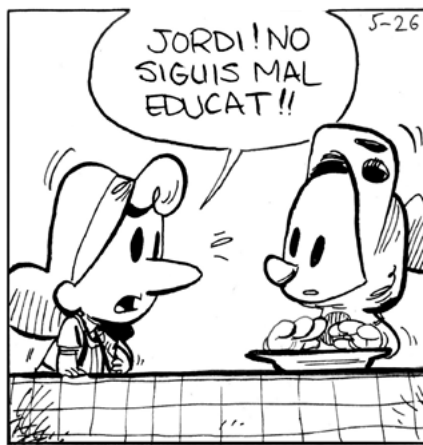


You see? I told you!



Sígrid: Thanks for cooking, Oslo.

Jordi: Yikes! This stinks!



Sígrid: Jordi! Don't be rude!



Jordi: Sorry Oslo, it has a very nice stink!



You'll pay for this Jordi! Whenever you least expect it, you'll wake up from a terrifying scare!

Jordi: I'm really scared.





Sígrid: Oh no! I got in the pool and forgot I had some paper in my pocket!



Now it's completely destroyed.



Jordi, why do you have your summer homework in your pocket?



Sígrid: A better society is impossible, because people will never have enough!



People don't seem to be happy with what they already have.



What were we talking about?



Sígrid: Jordi, stop playing with your food!



Jordi: Playing? ...



I take architecture very seriously!



Sígrid: Wow! Your fort is awesome!

Jordi: Yes. And everything's organic, recycled and is run by green energy.



Sígrid: What happened?



Jordi: The firefly flew away.

A VEURE SI HO ENTENC SÍGRID:
DIUS QUE EM PRENC LES
COSES MASSA AL PEU DE LA LLETRA...

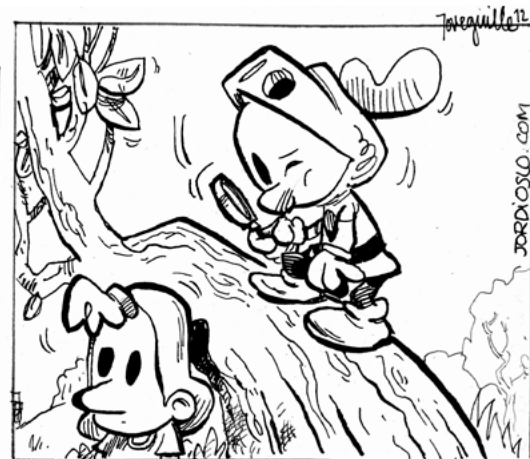


Jordi: Let me see if I understand, Sigríð. You tell me I take things way too literally...

...PERÒ QUÈ SI ET FAIG CAS A TU,
TROBARE LA SOLUCIÓ?



Jordi: ..but if I listen to you I might change that...
Sigríð: Yes! Spot on!



Sigríð: Hi! What are you listening to?
Jordi: Tom Waits.



Sigríð: For what?
Jordi: For what What?



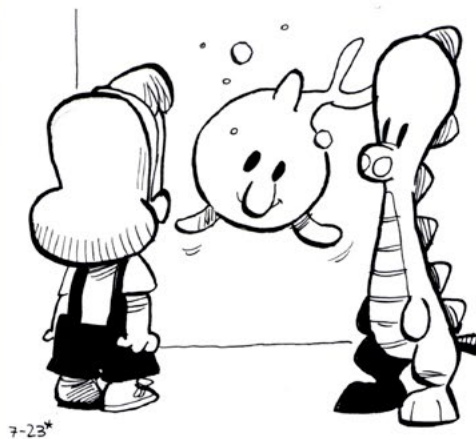
Sigríð: What is he waiting for?



Sigríð: This is what happens when you talk to music snobs.



Sigríð: Hmm. This dolphin reminds me of Jordi...



I don't like him already!



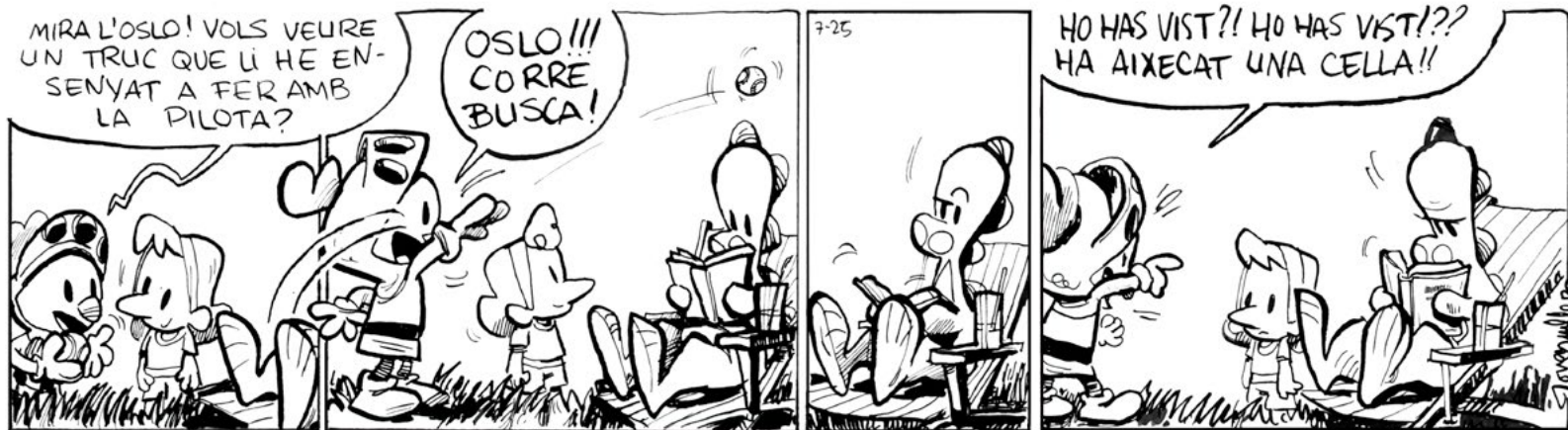
Sigríð: What's that, Jordi?



Jordi: Voodoo's Doll



Voodoo: Why is she burying my doll?
Jordi: No idea Voodoo. She said it was an object of evil.



Jordi: Do you want to see a trick with the ball I taught Oslo?

Oslo! Go fetch!

You saw it? He raised his eyebrow for a second!

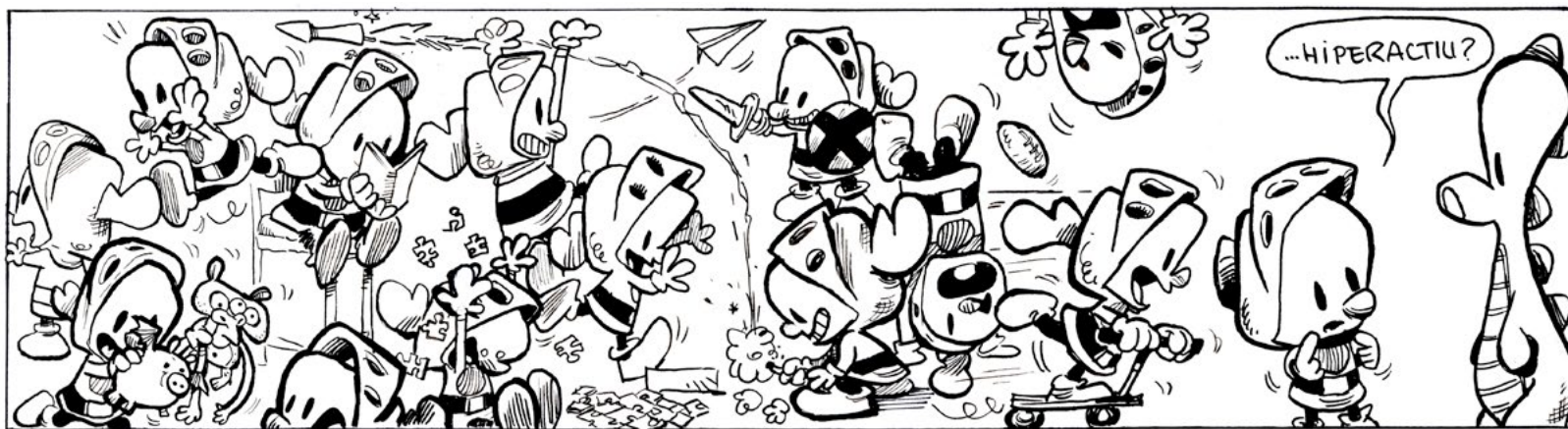


Jordi: Ha!

Sígrid: You're lame! You only know how to throw fireworks made for children or what?!

Jordi: Oh yeah? Well, here, take this big one!

Ha!



Hyperactive?



2-14

Sígrid: Jordi, accordion and chameleon are not the same word.



Jordi: They sound similar to me!



Jordi: What are you doing Sigrí?

Sigrí: Making a hard boiled egg.

Jordi: Wait... That's how?

Sigrí: Of course.

Jordi: I guess hard drives are different.



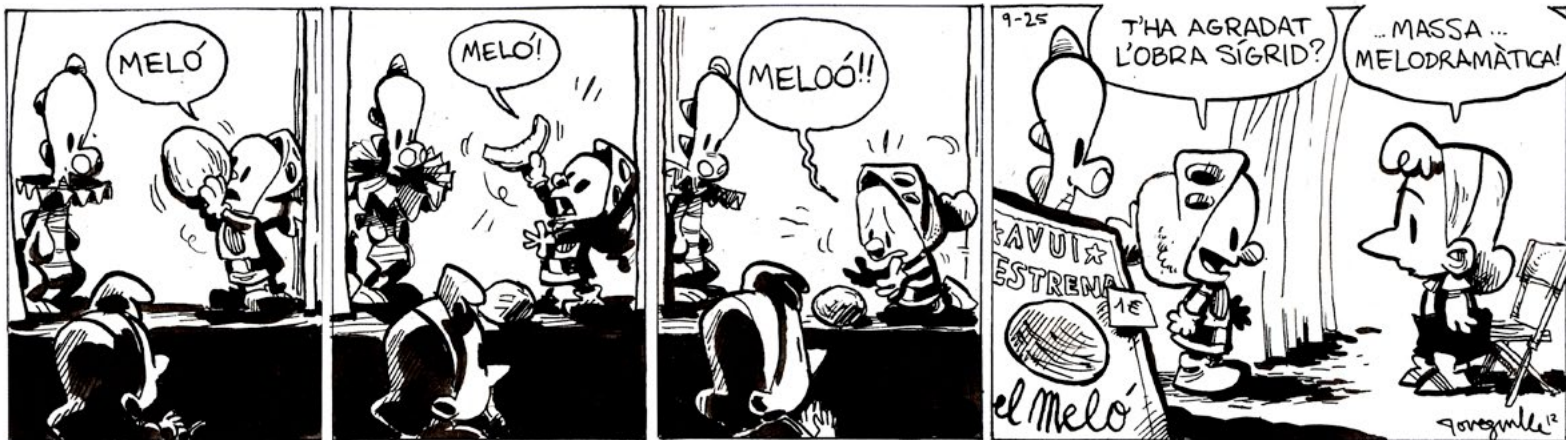
Jordi: Look!

Sigrí: Wow! A pussycat!

Jordi: I don't think that's a cat...

Sigrí: Yes dude! kitty, kitty...

Sigrí: You were right! It was a rabbit!



Jordi: Melon!

Melon!

Melon!

Jordi: What did you think?

Sígrid: Humm, too melondramatic!



Sígrid: How's it coming?
Does it look like me?

Jordi: Eh.. I'll be back.

It's awful! I better burn this right now, before somebody sees it and makes fun of me.

OH! HE TINGUT UNA IDEA!!! OH!
RÀPID, RÀPID! DONA'M PAPER!!



Jordi: Give me some paper, fast!
I just had an idea!

PERÒ SI NO HAS
ESCRIT RES!!

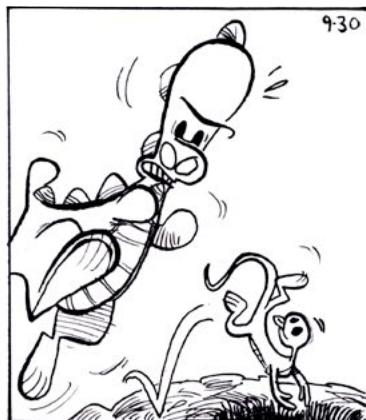


Sigríð: But, you're not writing anything!

JA, PERÒ HE DE PRACTICAR
EL GEST PER QUAN PASSI!



Jordi: I know! But I have to practice in
case I ever have a good idea!



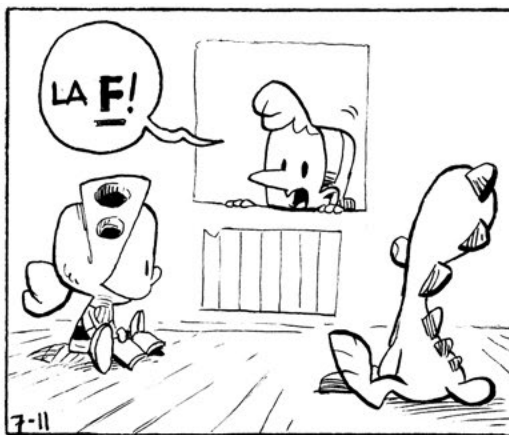
NO SÉ PER QUÈ T'ESFORCES
TANT SI SEMPRE ACABA
IGUAL!!



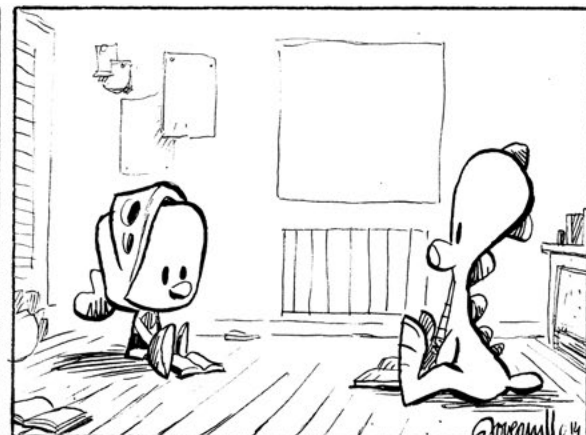
Sigríð: I don't know why you try so hard
if it always has the same outcome.



Jordi: Oslo, what's the difference between interfere and intervene?



Sigríð: ...the F!



Jordi: Was that pomegranate tasty?



Jordi: A glass of milk?
Ok, right away!



Massage? Of course! Coming up.



Sigríð: Jordi, why are you
serving Oslo?



Jordi: He has read all the Game
of Thrones books....!



Teacher: ...Big round of applause
for Peter and Silvia for
their flute and bass solo.



Careful on the stairs kids!



Sigríð: Jordi! NO!



Jordi: Hahaha. He fell on his bass!



Jordi: Thank you so much for the cappuccino Mr. Pajama man.



Parent: JORDI!!! Do you hava any dirty clothes for laundry? Check behind your door...



Jordi: NOOO!! Leave me alone!



Sígrid: Have you been playing games for a while?

Jordi: Nope, just for a bit.



Jordi: Look at those two...



Jordi: They did nothing else today other than sitting there.



They are so lazy!



Sígrid: Jordi! It's not this way!



Jordi: Whoops! I guess I "SKI"pped the right exit.



First they squeeze them between 'Sumo' wrestlers...



Then ultra-sonic lasers cut through them very precisely...



before drying on top of cacti in a desert.



Sigríð: I don't think that's how dried mango is made!



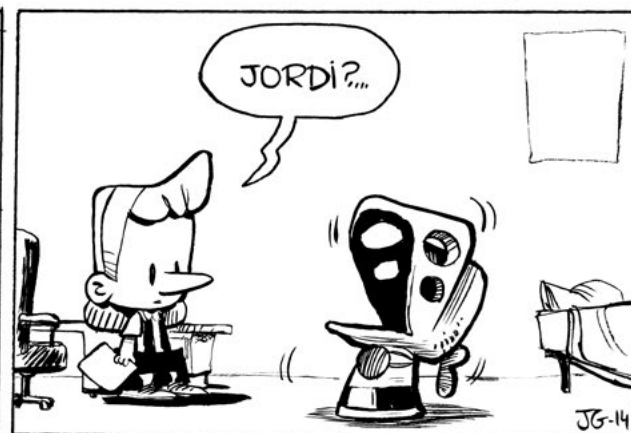
Jordi: Who cares? It's delicious!



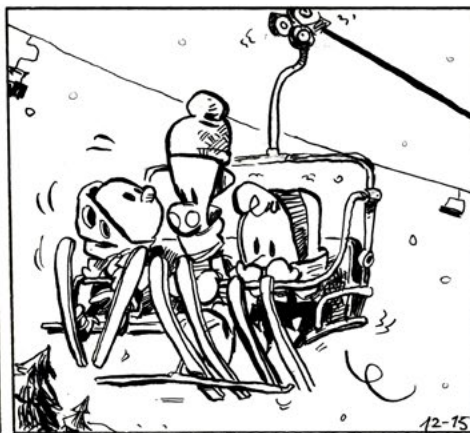
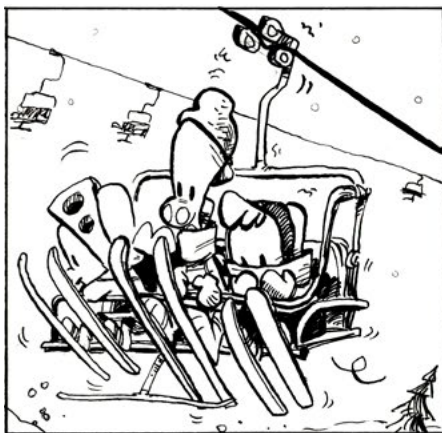
Sigríð: "...what tortoise and snails have in common is..."



Jordi! I didn't know you were writing a...



Jordi?



Jordi: Well, I don't see the TV anywhere!*



Sígrid: Jordi, seriously, let's go already!
Let's get on the regular chairlift.

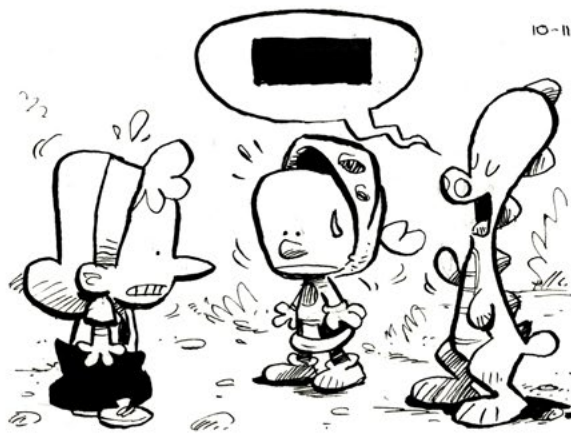


Jordi: No way! Their chair lift is poo! The one I'm making will be better!

*Chairlift in Catalan translates as "telecadira".
Tele (distance) and cadira (chair). Tele is also
used as another word used for TV.



Jordi: That's a very funny joke Sigríð.



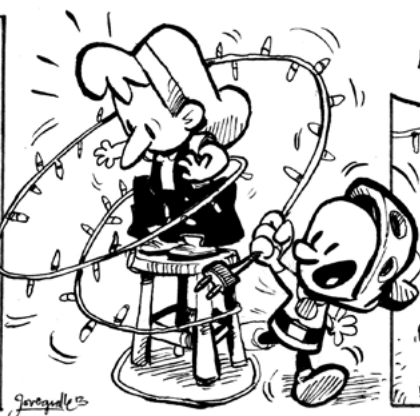
Oslo: [REDACTED]



Sigríð: Oh gee! He does really spit fire.



Sigríð: C'mon Jordi, help me decorate!



Tangling me won't help me much!



Jordi: I got you on the electric stool!



Jordi: York - New York...



Orleans - New Orleans...

12-11



Sígrid: Zealand is in Denmark.



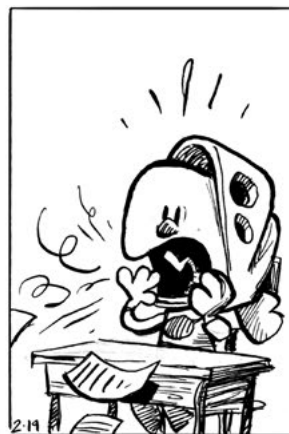
12-19



Gorka: Oh, oh.



Prof. Damià: We are alive because we breathe at every instant.



Jordi: I wish he hadn't told me! My life was better when I didn't need to breathe.



Jordi: Of course I love my mother! A lot!



...even though she had me grounded for the whole summer.



I think I might have Stockholm Syndrome.



Jordi: You shouldn't be afraid of aliens, Oslo.



Jordi: What could be so different to us on this planet?



Sígríð: (singing) Lalala, the ninja kiwi! lalala...



Sígríð: Tina! It's been so long! This is awesome!

Tina: Hi Sigríð!



Sígríð: So many memories!

Tina: How's life?



Sígríð: Can you believe this? I haven't seen Tina in two weeks!



Jordi: Narcolepsy is not a laughing matter.

Whoever has it, never really knows when or where it's going to...

Snap!

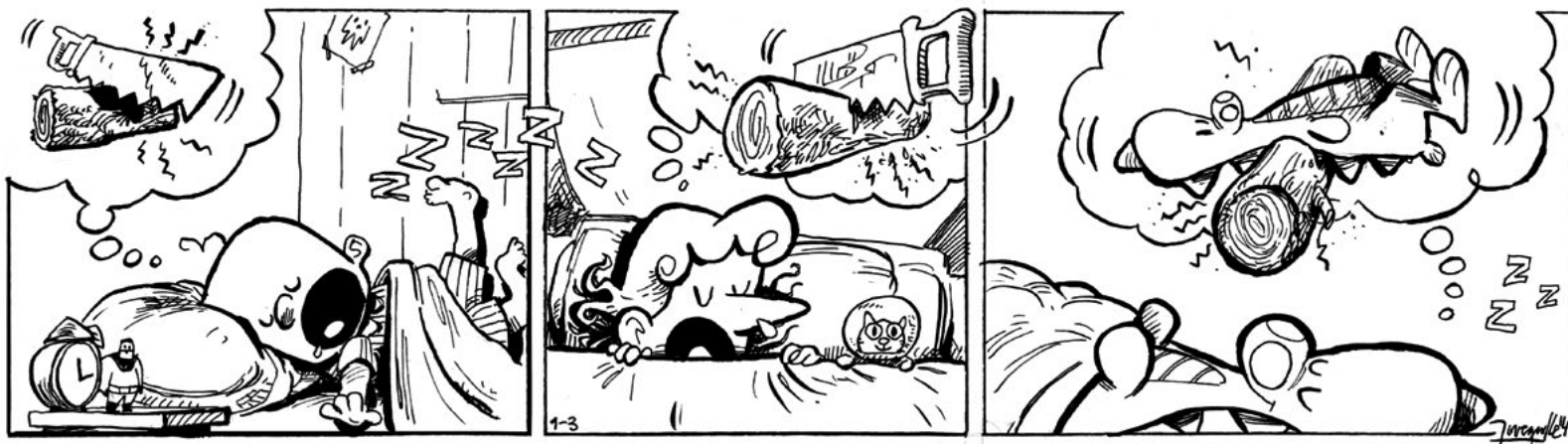


Sigríð: Hi Jordi! How's your ice cream?
Jordi: It's cold.

Sigríð: Stop that Jordi! You're always taking everything to the letter!

Jordi: Ok, I'll take it under the tree. Although I liked eating it there by the mural!

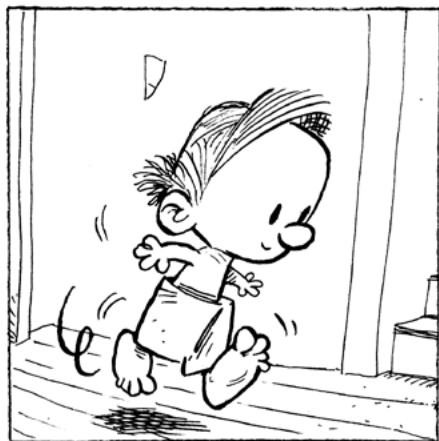
Sigríð: Why do you have to be such a brain-bender?



Gorka: We found it Oslo!
The treasure is buried here!



Sígrid: I still don't understand why you use your
lunch as a treasure instead of something else.



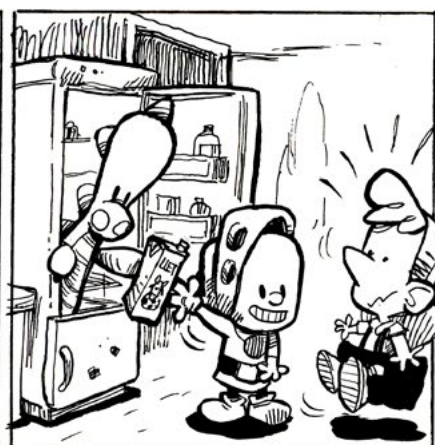
Sigríð: Gee Jordi, it looks like you are going into a sauna!



Jordi: Exactly! Oslo is down with a big fever!



Jordi: Want some milk in your tea?



Sigríð: Sure, thanks!



WHAT IS OSLO DOING INSIDE THE FRIDGE!?



Jordi: He still has that big fever...



Sígrid: ...Did Oslo like my present?

Sígrid: What? Why not?

Jordi: Mmh... Well, he's still popping the bubble wrap.

Jordi: He hasn't opened it yet.



It is said that the object in question lies in this tomb.

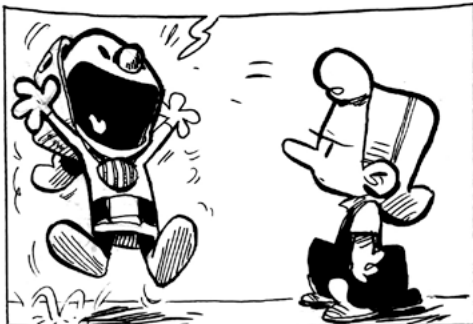
Nobody knows where it is or how it got here. But I'll find it!

Nothin has a cover here or what?

Oh! Here it is!

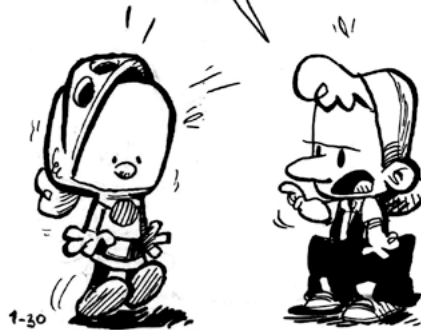
I've found the lid to the tupperware!

SÍGRID! ET PASSA A
VEGADES QUE NO SAPS PER QUÈ,
PERÒ ESTÀS MOLT CONTENT??



Jordi: Does it ever happen to you that you are very happy, but don't really know why?

TU ETS UN
CARACUL!!



Sígrid: Your face looks like a koala's bottom!

BÉ, ALMENYS
ARA SÉ PER QUÈ
NO HO ESTIC...
...



Jordi: Well, at least now I know why I am unhappy.

COM?
UNA RATA
PENADA?!
ON?



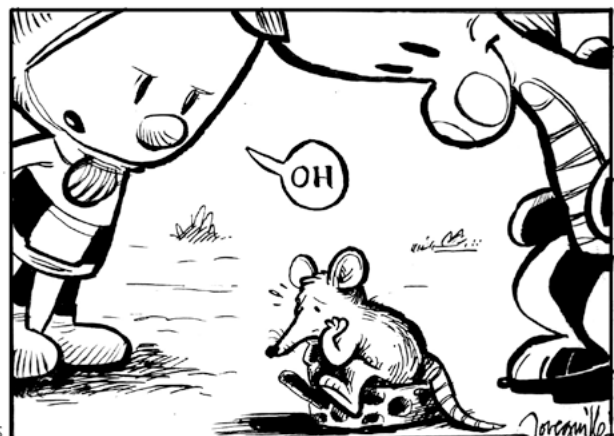
Jordi: A rat? Where?

TINC MOLTES
GAMES DE VORE
UNA RATA
PENADA!!

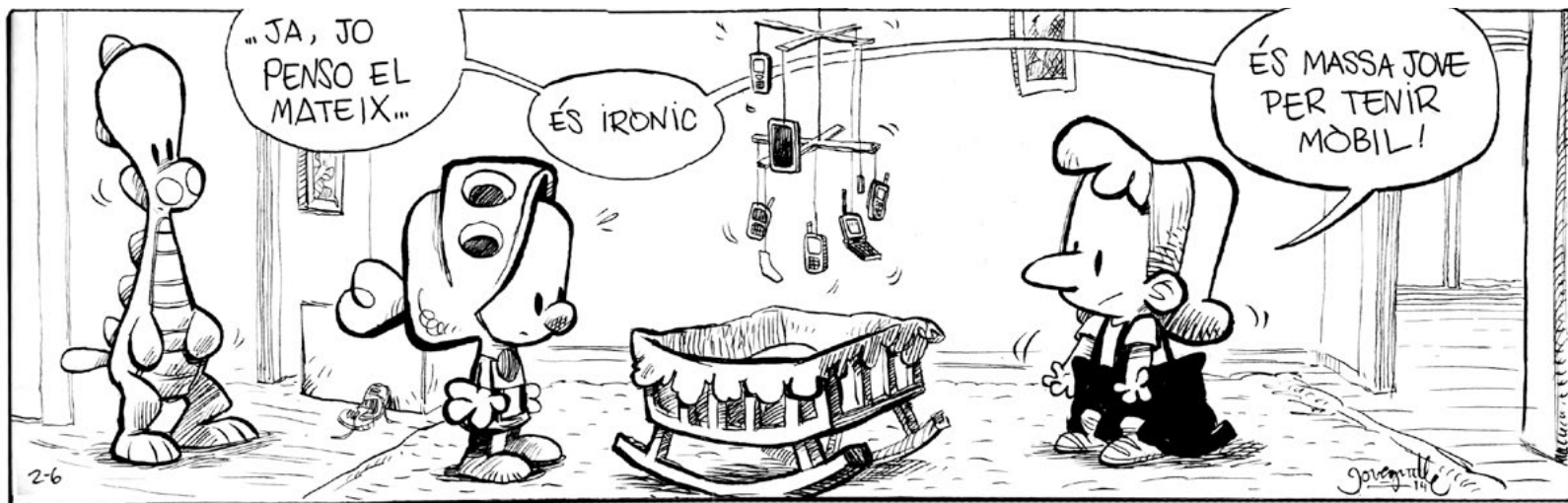


What do you mean a sack rat?

OH



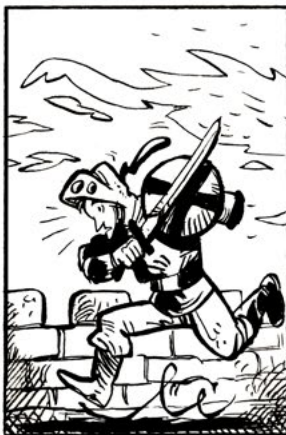
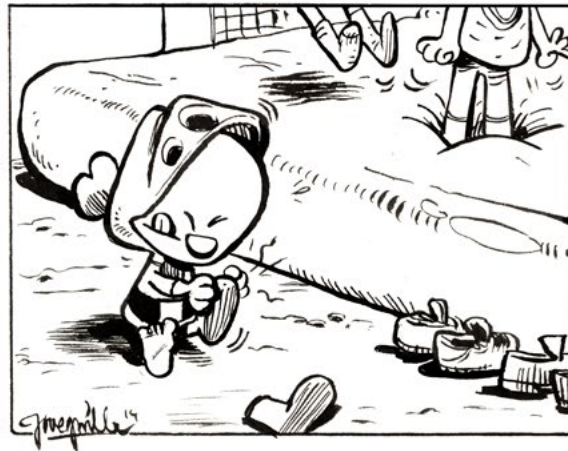
Oh.



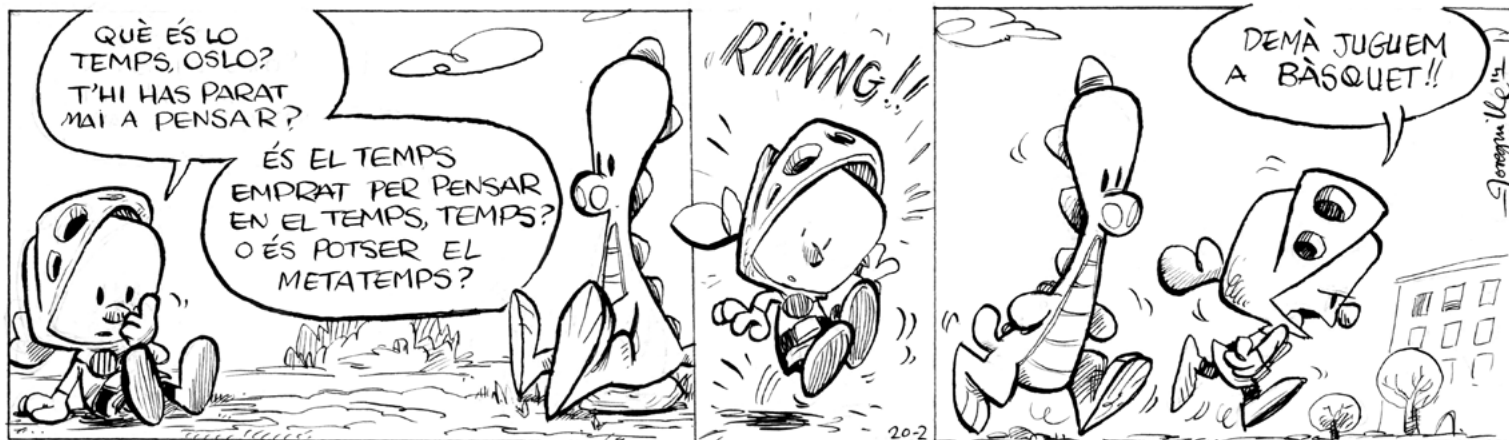
Sárga: I know, I agree.

It's ironic.

She's too young to have a cellphone.



Jordi: This castle isn't serious enough.



What is time, Oslo? Have you ever stopped to think about it?

It's the time spent on thinking about time, time itself, or perhaps meta-time?

We are playing basketball tomorrow.



Oh wow! What an incredibly beautiful girl!

This is love at first sight!

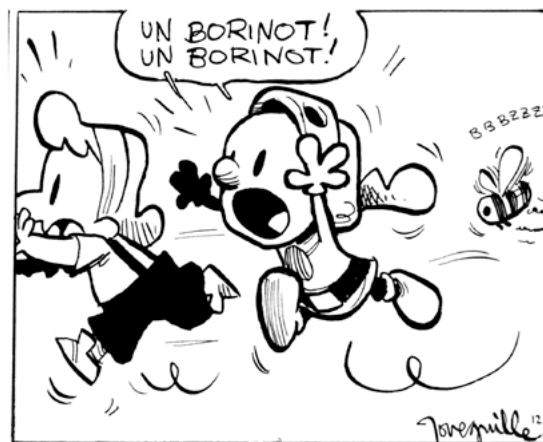
First time I've seen her since last Wednesday!



Sígrid: Big bee! Big bee!



Jordi: Don't be ridiculous! It's just a...



Jordi: Big bee! Big bee!



Sígrid: Milk and sugar for Oslo



What about you Jordi, what do you want with your tea? Milk? Sugar? Honey?

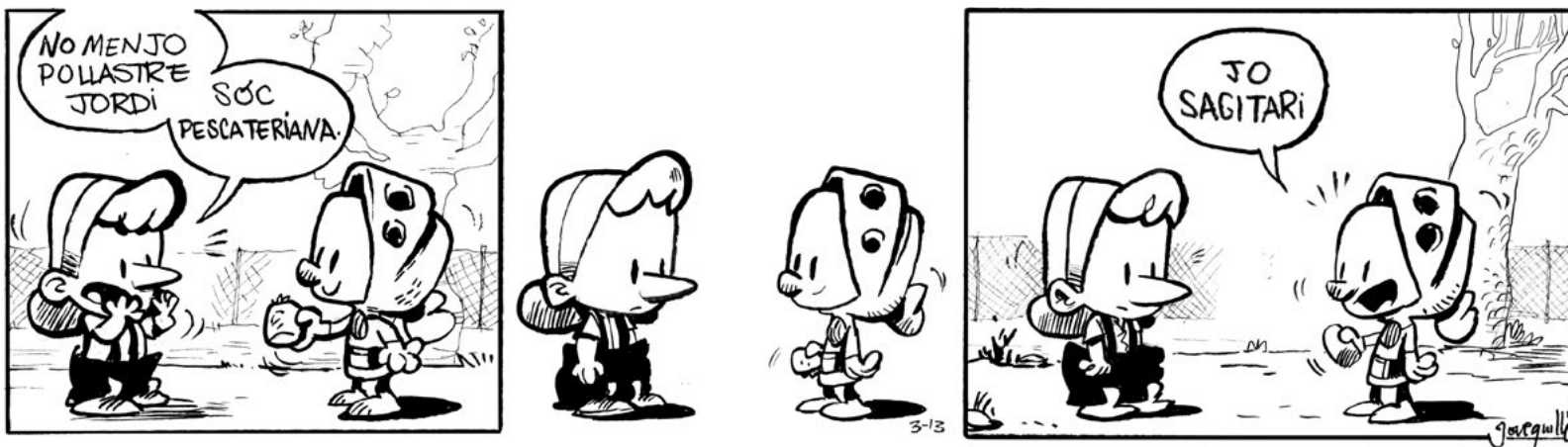


Jordi: Bob Dylan please.



Sigríð: What? What do you want?
Just say it!

Jordi: Oh, nothing. I just have
mango in my teeth.



Sigríð: I don't eat chicken Jordi, I'm pescaterian.

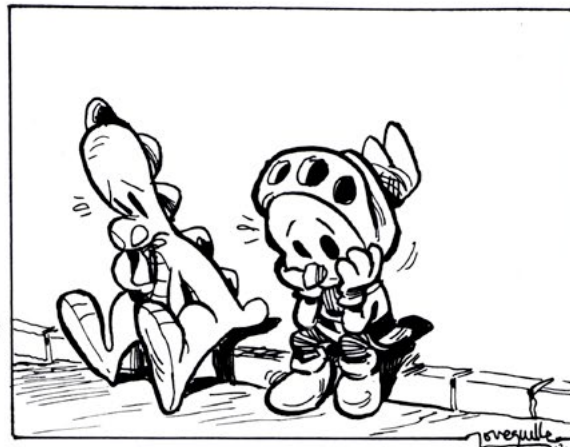
Jordi: Cool! I'm Sagittarius.



Why are you sad, Oslo?



7-2



Jorgequillo 12



Jordi: What a great trip!

I'm glad I'm finally back.

I've been to Africa, New Orleans, Howards and Tokyo!

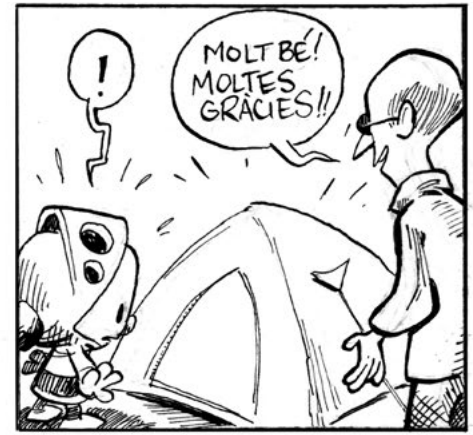
Sígrid: What's with you and naming the playground?



Jordi: Hi sir! Let me help you with your stick.



Sixto: Oh, thank you child.



Sixto: Excellent, thank you!



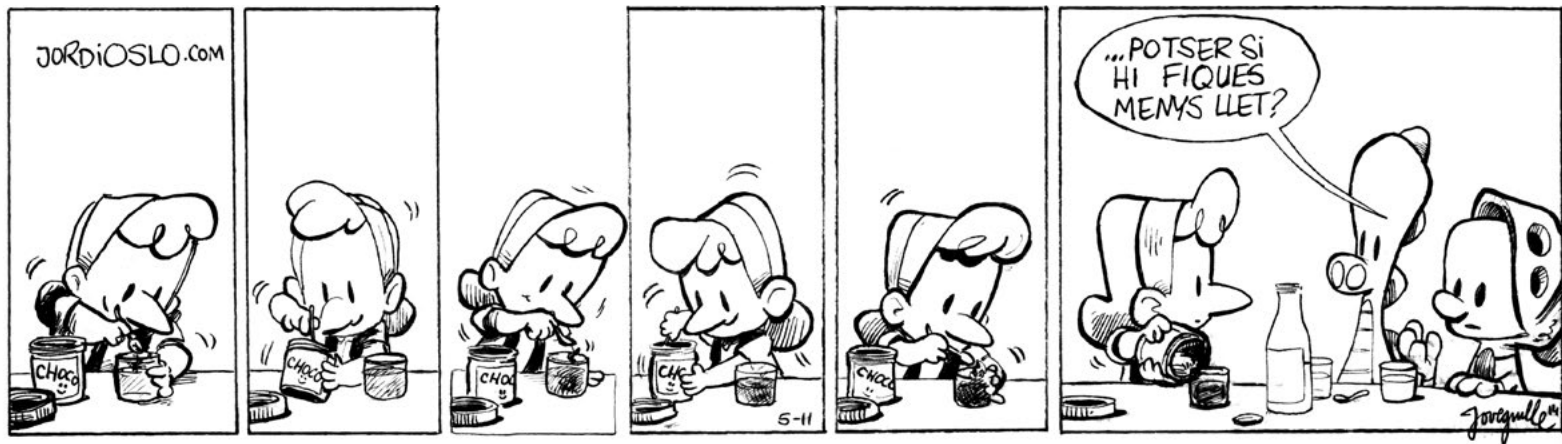
Jordi: Take this dragon!



Dragon: Haha! What are you dressed up as, knight?



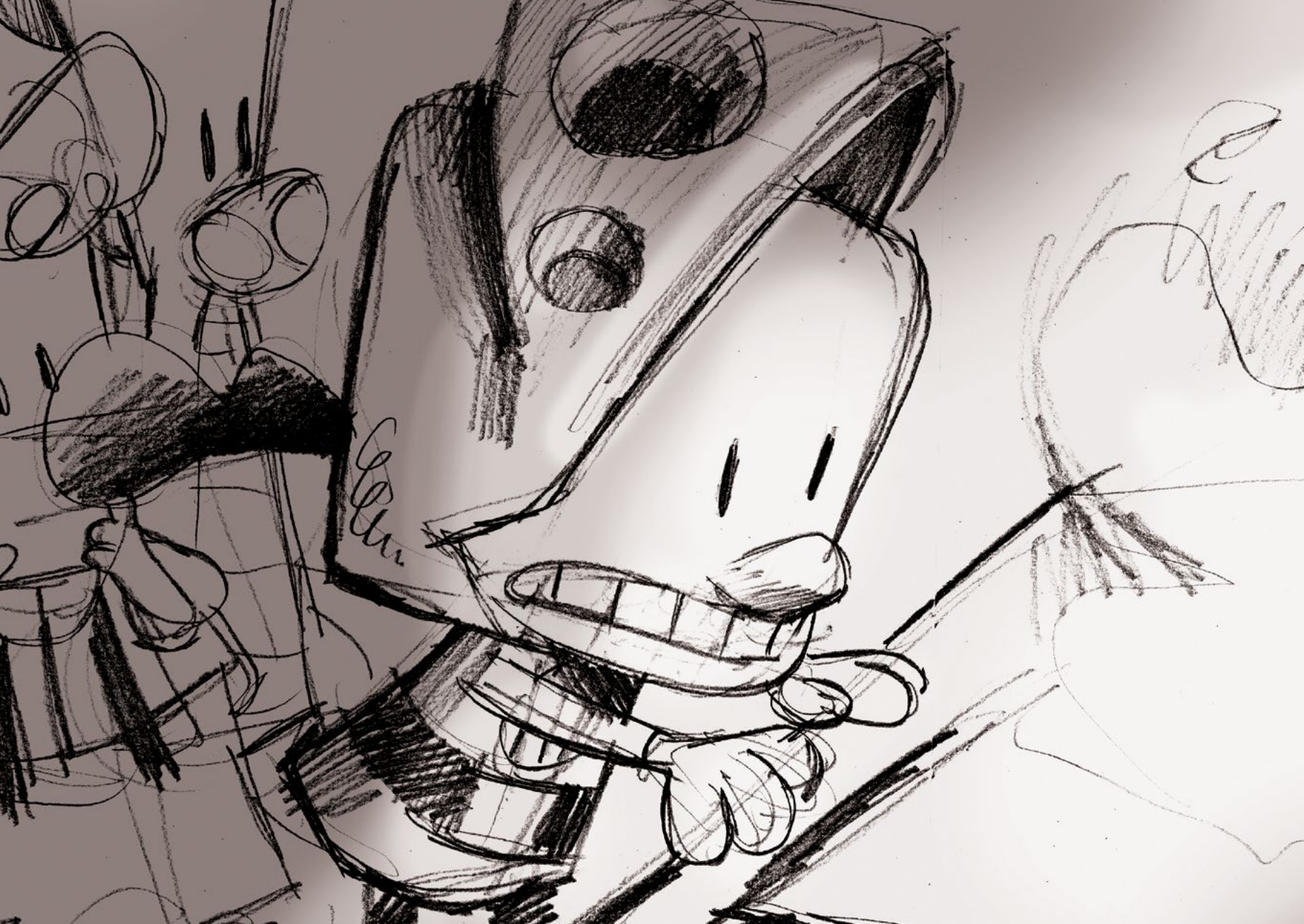
Jordi: ...It's not the same to play here at school.



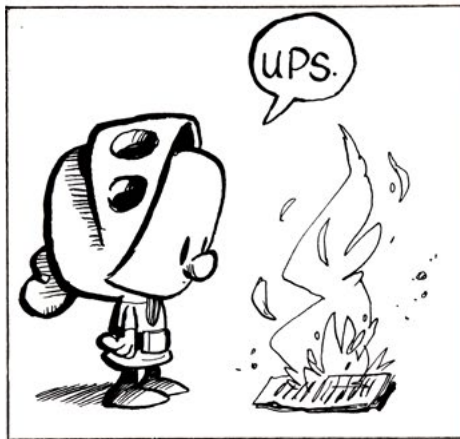
Jordi: Maybe if you use less milk?



* *Sardana* is a type of dancing native to Catalonia. Which incidentally resembles the word "sardine".







Whoops!



Sígrid: What's wrong?



Jordi: My homework for tomorrow just caught on fire.



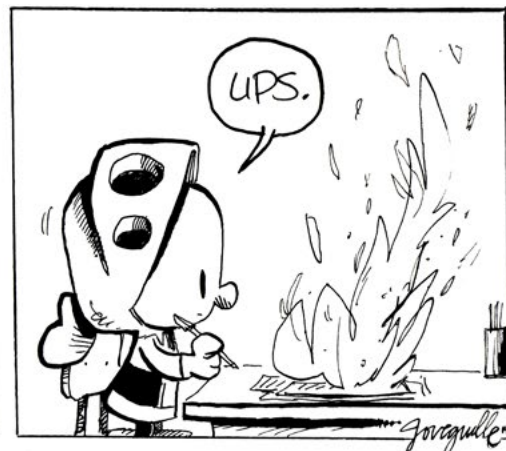
Sigríð: How could you burn your homework, dummy?



Jordi: I don't know! I followed the instructions and they caught on fire!



...I guess I'll have to do it again!



Whoops!



Jordi: I tried doing tomorrow's homework three times, but it kept catching on fire!



Sigríð: Why don't you do it on your laptop?



I knew it.



Jordi: There's no way! Tomorrow's homework is flammable. When I try to do it, it catches on fire!



Sigrid: Why don't you ask Oslo to help you?



Jordi: Better not.



Jordi: Done!



Nobody can say I don't take my homework seriously!



Prof. Damià: How about that homework, huh kids? Great! It was fun!



Jordi: With a lot of effort, I kept it from catching on fire!



Prof. Damià: Did you manage to burn it?



This teacher is way too progressive. Who would want to make their students burn their homework? And I was trying to save it!

There! This is what I think of homework! Stupid modern pedagogy!

Prof. Damià: ...Did you enjoy burning today's homework? Cool, do it again tomorrow, but this time I want you to bring it soaked on water.



Jordi: Am I a superhero?
Sígrid: Yes.



Jordi: Do I have super powers?
Sígrid: Nope.



Jordi: Ha! I'm Edward Snowden!

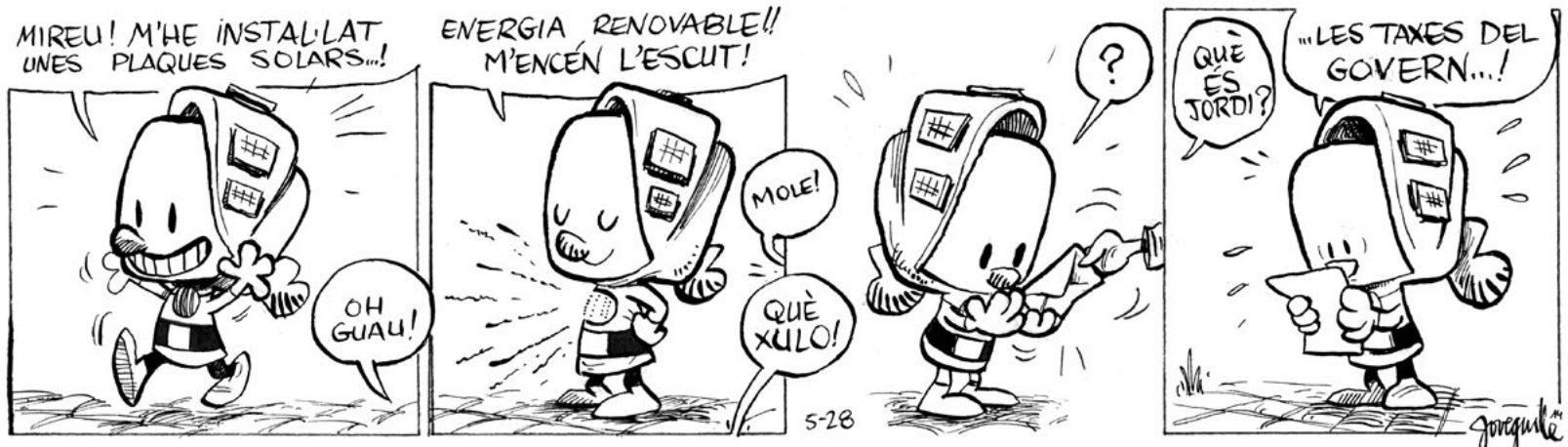


Sígrid: Hi! Are you guys playing as knights? I want to join!



Jordi: Ni, ni, ni, ni, ni, ni, ni, ni, ni, ni, ni, ni, ni!!

Sígrid: Better not! I like it more when you guys play Jedi knights!



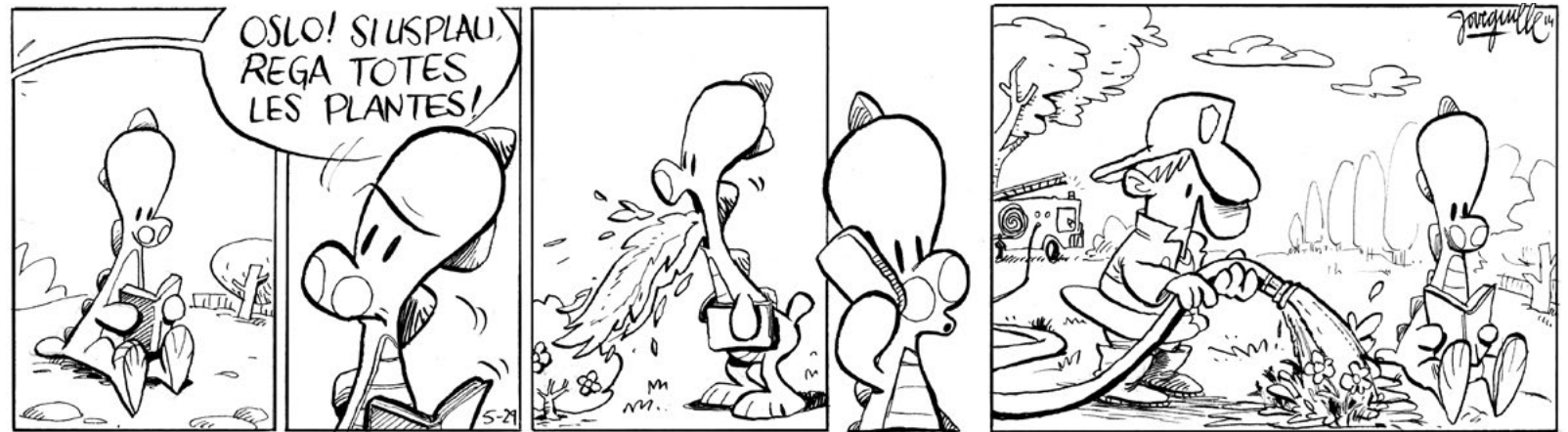
Jordi: Check it out! I've set up solar panels on my helmet!

Green energy lights up my shield!

Wow! That's awesome!

What is that Jordi?

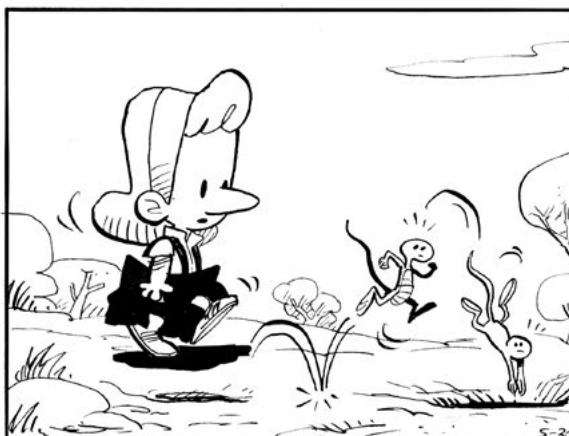
Jordi: The government's taxes!



Oslo! Could you please water the plants?



Sígrid: Nietzsche!



Rude!



Sígrid: Look at them! So cute! Gathering everything they can for when the cold winter comes...

Jordi: I'd call it hoarding.



6-1



Jorequillo



6-2



Nietzsche: || | || | || |



Jorequillo

Sígrid: Nietzsche, you and your friends look very similar to the birds on Snoopy!

Although you and Oslo are not friends! ...And you can't talk.

Sígrid: I should have imagined...







Sigríð: No need for your FULL address.



Jordi: Sigríð! Oslo and I have a new apartment!



It's awesome! Come, let me show you!



There's no elevator though.



Jordi: ...and here's the living room.



...and those are the neighbours, they are always being loud!



Jordi: This is my room...



...and this one here's Oslo's.



He pays a bit more rent.



...and the best part about it is that we have free olives.



Jordi: Sígrid, what is this stuff?



Sígrid: Oh, this is just some baloon pieces that melted with the sun.



What the heck is this?

Jordi: Whoops! My summer homework!

TOT ANAVA BE' FINS QUE
NAPOLEO' FOU ATACAT PER UN
ZOMBIE SAMURAI QUE LI
SORTI DE LA NEU TOT D'UNA.



"Everything was fine untill Napoleon
got attacked by a Zombie Samurai
that suddenly appeared.

...SHAH RUKH KHAN BALLAVA
MENTRE LEONARDO DA VINCI,



Shah Rukh Khan was dancing, while
Leonardo Da Vinci...

...QUE ANAVA MONTAT
...DAMUNT UN DINOSAURE...



was riding a dinosaur...

DISPARAVA LASERS A TOTS ELS VIKINGS
QUE INTENTAVEN MENTAR ESCOPINYES.



...while shooting lasers at all the Vikings
who were trying to eat spicy clams."



And I got an F! Can you believe it?



Sígrid: ...yes, and now he limps.... Jordi?



Jordi: Wait one second Sígrid, the signal is too weak.



I bet it's got something to do with the satellite!



Ha! Just what I thought!



Jordi: Oh! I forgot! Ok, ok, I'll go. I'll come down again...



There's



got

to be

a better way



to check



for new mail!



Joreguille



Jordi: This is awesome Oslo!

We rock! We have everything...

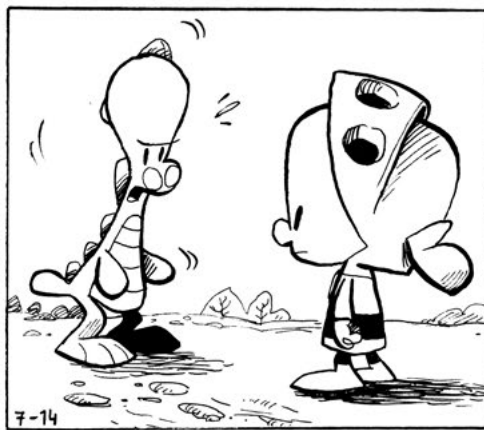
...food, drinks... nothing's missing!

except...

whoops..!



I have no friends...



I have no human friends...



Jordi: FREEDOM! Justice! Free Julian Assange and Pussy Riot!

Sígrid: Jordi. Shut it dude.

Jordi: Nobody will be able to silence me!

Sígrid: Bah! You're only an activist when you're grounded.



But, you haven't even finished the puzzle!



You didn't finish the model either!



Can't tell you how much I hate people who leave things unfinished



Jordi: Look! I've made us into snowmen!



The one of Sigríð is especially good! It looks pale and cold, just like her. Check it out!



Sigríð: NOT FUNNY JORDI!



Old Lady: Better... Pasta! Cotton! ... grrr...



Jordi: Weird...!



...some people talk to themselves!



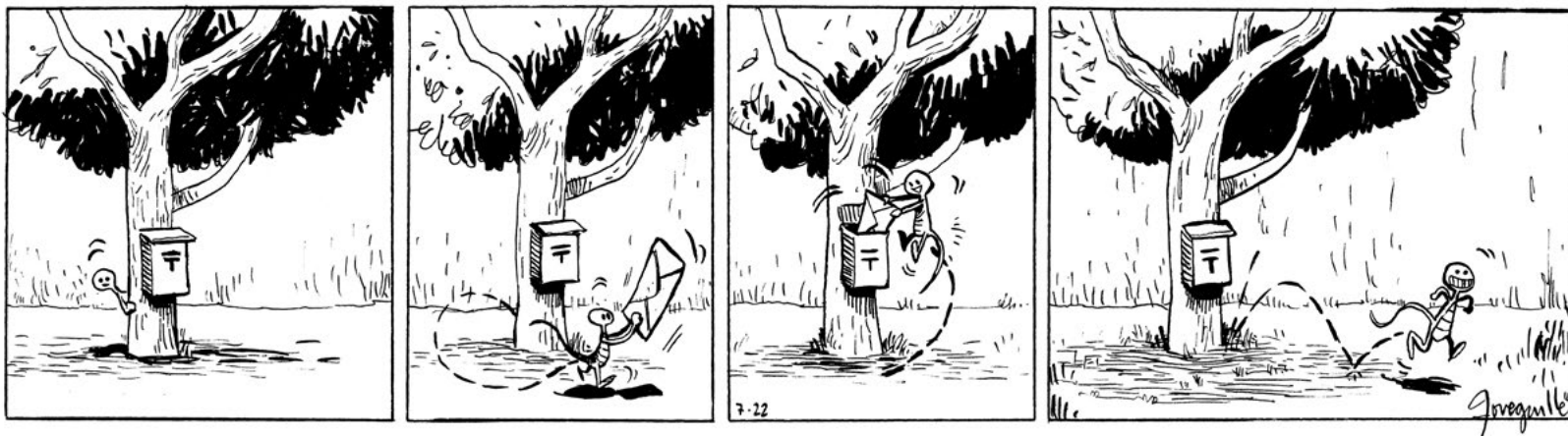
Sígrid: Your cell is vibrating.



Jordi: I know! It's my neighbour! He just opened a Twitter account and now he can't stop...!



Stop tweeting dude!



Oslo! you've got mail!

Seems to be from Nietzsche!

At least somebody sends you letters!



Adult: Jordi! Get off there, you'll get hurt boy!



Jordi: No way! I like shopping from up here way better.



It's easier to escape the discriminating marketing targeted at my age range.



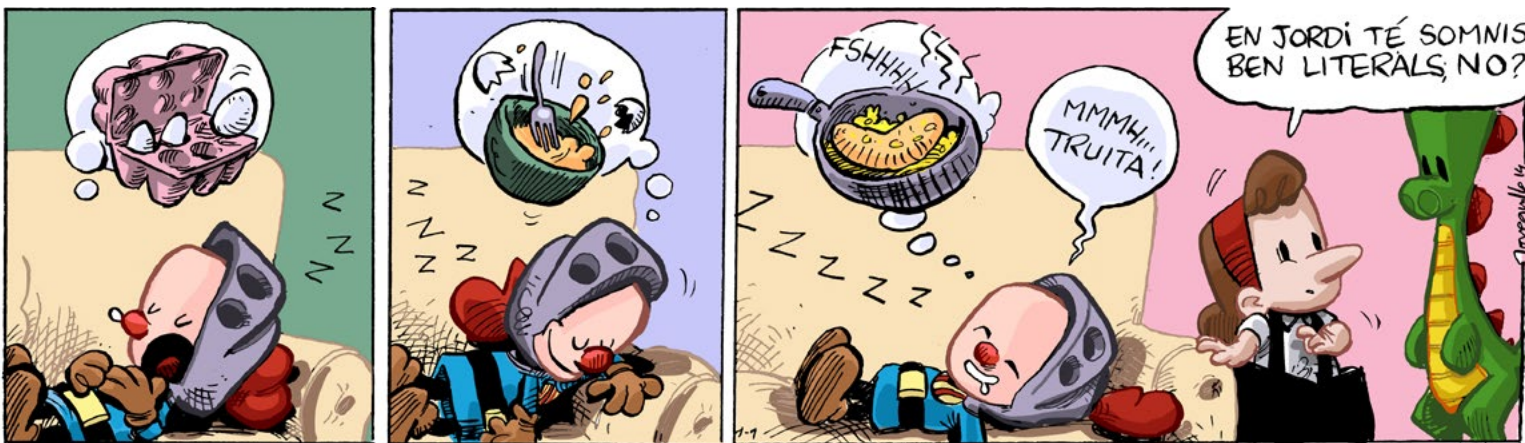
Jordi: Sigrí! Look, this is for your science project. It's a Internet spider you can use to search.



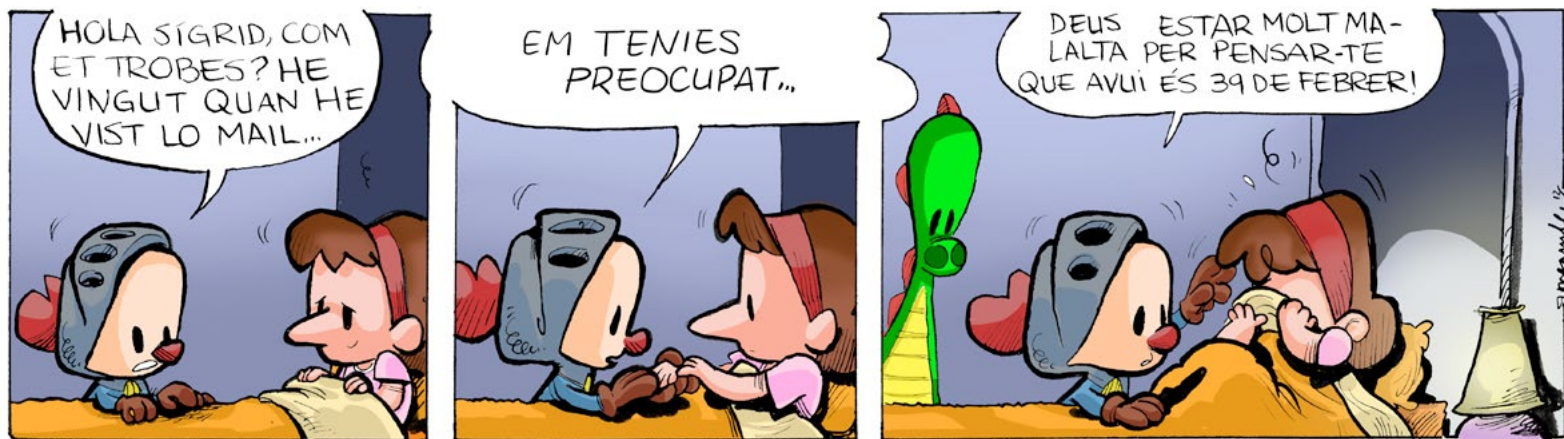
Sigrí: Jordi, the thing about the web spiders is only a matter of speech. Like horses powering a car.



Jordi: She didn't like it.



Sígrid: He sometimes does that.



Jordi: Hi Sígrid! How are you? I came as soon as I got your text.

You had me all worried...

You must be very sick! February only has 29 days! *

* February and fever are pronounced very similar in Catalan. Plus in celcius, fever is above 29 degrees.



Sígrid: Still grounded Jordi?

You know they've released Pussy Riot?

Jordi: You've heard that?

Even Putin is more liberal than you are!



An alarm clock is such a unique device, isn't it Oslo?

...it's like sending a message to yourself in the future.

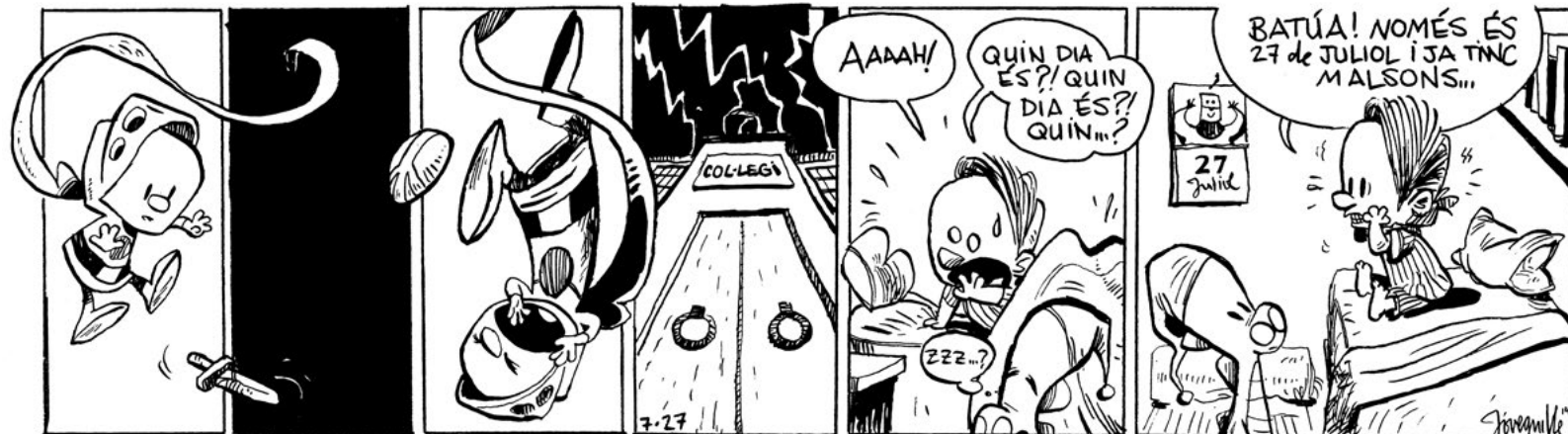
Wow! I wonder what I'll say tomorrow...!



Yes, 111, Vall Fosca Street,
Olive Tree #1. Thank you!



Your turn?



<School>

AHH!!

What day is it?
What day is it?

It's only July and I'm
already having nightmares!



Sígrid: Cool poster! Who's that?

Jordi: It's Neil Degrasse Tyson!

Sígrid: Oh! I didn't know you were into boxing!



Sígrid: Jordi, did you use the same sandals all summer?

Jordi: Yes, why do you ask?

Sígrid: No reason...



MIRA,
AQUESTA
CLASSE DE
CENT PEUS
TE MÉS
EXTREMITATS.

PERÒ
NO ES PORTA
MASSA BÉ
AMB LA
RESTA
'''

CLAR,

... ÉS
EXTREMISTA

Sígrid: Look, this kind of centipede has even more extremities, which makes other centipedes hostile towards him.

Jordi: Of course, he's an extremist!







Jordi: Look! I'm Jacques Custom!



Sígríð: Cousteau



Jordi: Always checking my espeling huh?



Jordi: Jacques Custom has a swimming pool!



Sígríð: Cousteau.

Is it easy to assemble though?



Jordi: Of course! If you help me, it will be very easy !



Sígríð: You were right!



Jordi: Jacques Custom finally has a pool!
I got the air pumped to my own
custom preference!

Sígrid: Cousteau.

Jordi: Yes, my own cousteau preference!



Jordi: Time to get in the pool!

Sígrid: Don't you want some water first tho?

Jordi: Nonsense! I'm Jacques Custom, no
water! Wine is my only preference!

Sígrid: Cousteau.

Jordi: Ha!

Ugh...

Sígrid: Told ya.



Jordi: Are you coming to the pool?
Don't take too long, or someone will take your spot!



I told ya'



Sígrid: Jordi, where are you going with that hose?

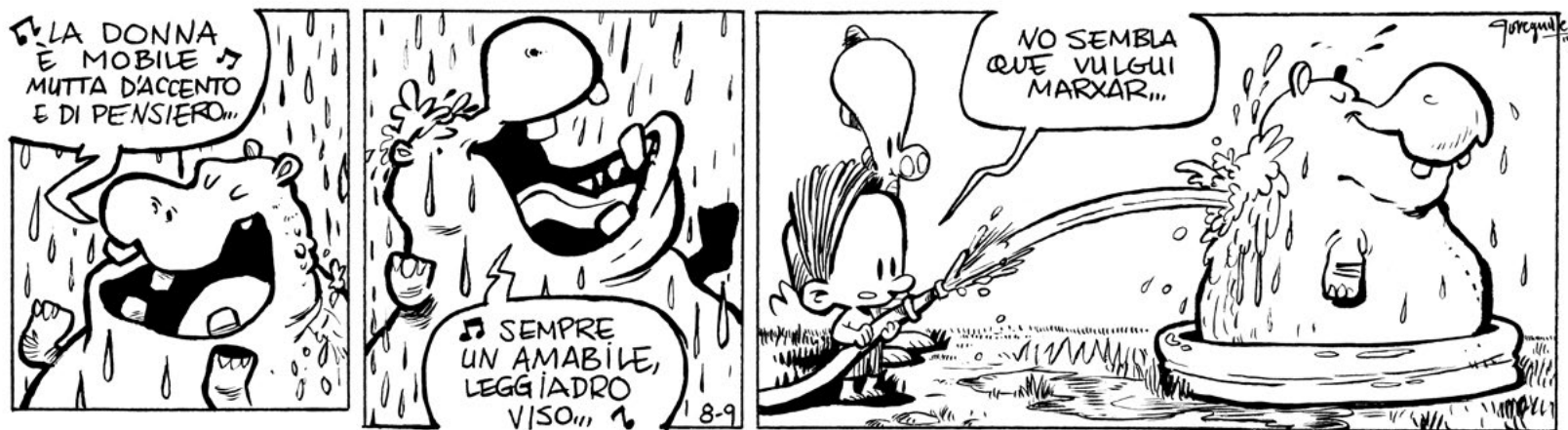
Jordi: To help Oslo get rid of Hippups.



Sígrid: Hiccups Jordi, Hiccups.



Jordi: Sígrid, as always, had an excuse not to help out.



Jordi: He doesn't seem to wanna leave.



Jordi: Nope. He says he doesn't want to get out of the pool...

...that he'll get very sick.

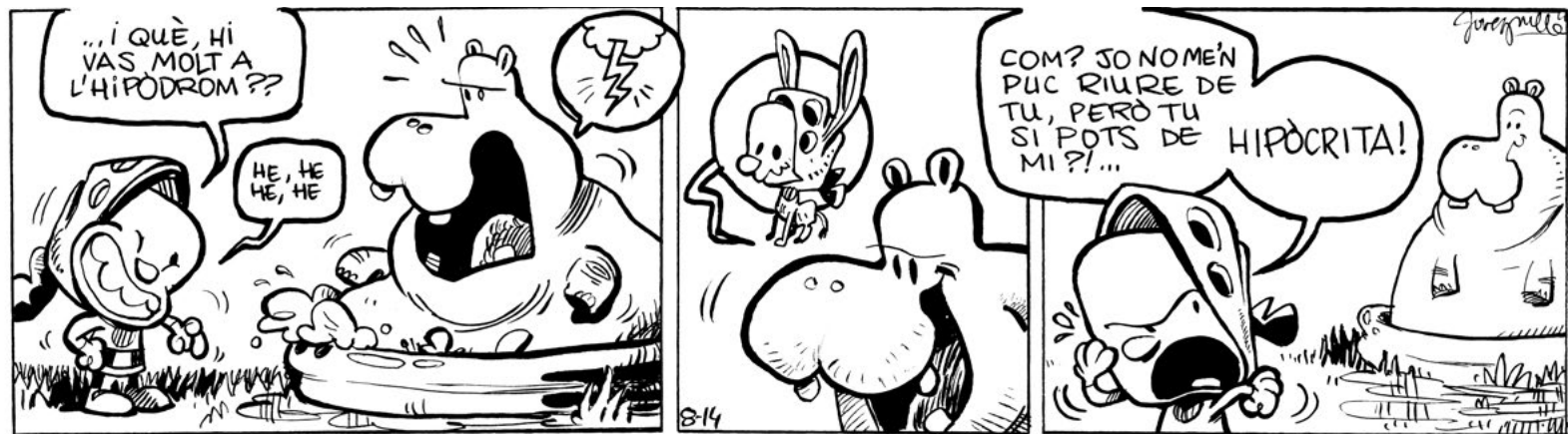
Sounds to me like he's a **hipocondriac**!



Sígrid: Guys, enough! Don't force him to leave!

Poor Hippups...

It's so cold, if he gets out he'll catch hypothermia.



Jordi: You know you look like a big wet cat?

untranslatable

What?! I can't make fun of you but you can make fun of me? "Hypocrite"!



Jordi: Now finally that ironic moment we waited for has arrived... when he turns into hiccupsothamus!



Jordi: Hey guys, have you seen my Cousteau beanie?

Sígrid: That's awesome! We finally got our pool back and hiccupsothamus is gone!

But how did you get him to leave?

hip! hip! hip!



Jordi: What are you doing Sigrid?

Sígrid: I'm studying theology.



Sígrid: ...the teacher insisted on how important it is I learn this before school starts!



Jordi: ..So you listened to him and started studying?

Sígrid: Nah, I just want to prove him wrong!



Jordi: Remember, it's almost September already....



...and school is coming up, So...



We must to stop the school bus somehow!



Jordi: I figured out how to avoid going back to school! Have you seen the movie Speed (1994)?

We only need to set up a bomb under the school bus...

And if it goes under 50 mph.. Boom!

Sigrid: But.. Wouldn't that actually get you to school faster?

Jordi: ...I actually don't know... I didn't see the whole movie. I fell asleep.



Jordi: ...with this robot I won't need to show up at school anymore!

...its program includes getting on the bus and saying yes to everything!

Sigrid: Wow! Great idea! This could work!

iJordi: [I love going to school!!] [Beep!]

Sigrid: I take it back. Nobody will buy it!



Jordi: Check this out Choms! I know how to stop the school bus!



Sígrid: Bananas? This is a bad idea Jordi... Tell him Noam!



Jordi: It always works in comics!



Jordi: Santa Cleopatra Sigríð! Wow!



Sígrid: Conjunctivitis. Scary huh?

Jordi: Meh. Not as scary as...



...Oslo owl-eyed?



Aunt: Jordiii!! You are like a little banana!

The older you grow, the softer you get!

Jordi: My aunt on the other hand, is more like a tree. You can tell her age by her rings!



Sígrid: Hmm. Do you want me to shut off the AC?



Jordi: Ha! I knew it!



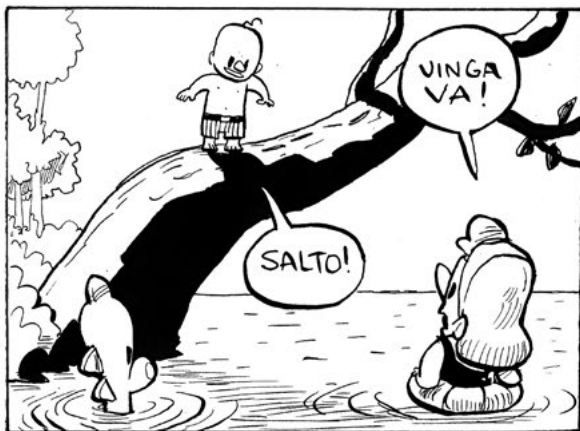
Onions have zero effect on me!



Only Puff the Magic Dragon can make me cry!



Sígrid: You are cutting a beet.



Jordi: I'm jumping!

Sigríð: C'mon!



Jordi: This is awesome. Let me go update my online status! One second!



Jordi: Sigríð, could you watch my castle for a second, while I fetch my horse?

Sigríð: Of course!



Jordi: Nooo! My castle! What have you done?!



Sigríð: What did you expect? I've lived ten years in a very sexist society!

Ten minutes later...



Gorka: I'm going to rescue Julian Assange!

I'm going to France!

Sigríð: ? How can he be so dumb!?

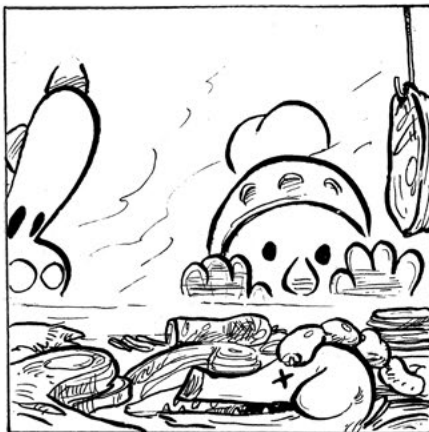
Sigríð: Ok, one more time: London...- Lourdes.
Gorka: Ohhh...!



Jordi: Hi Lluís, look, I brought you what you wanted for your birthday.

Jordi: You wanted torture? Voila! I bring you torture for days!

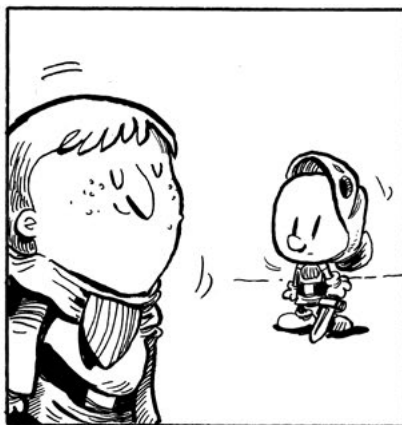
Sigríð: Jordi, you are deaf!



Sígrid: What are you doing Jordi?



Jordi: I'm turning vegetarian...



Jordi: Santa Cleopatra!



....When did you say that stupid movie is coming out?



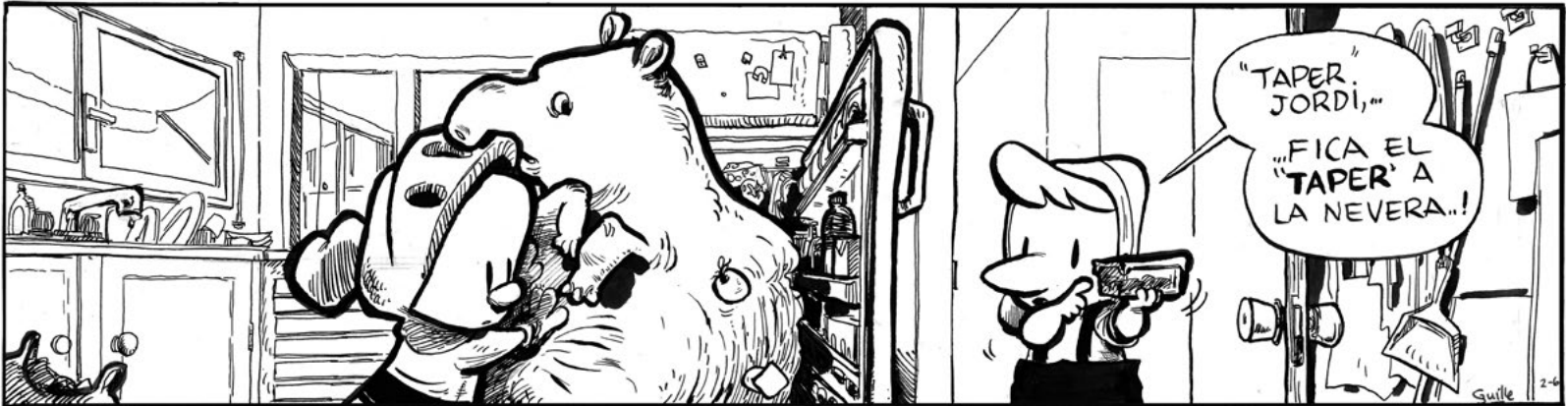
3-31



Sígrid: Dad, where are the apples?
Dad: We ran out.



Sígrid: Hold still.



Sígrid: "Tupper" Jordi. Not tapir. Put the "Tupper" in the fridge.



Sígrid: Wow! I've found happiness!



Jordi: But it's only a lump of chocolate in your milk!



Jordi: Conformist.



Jordi: Oh, really? Huh? You don't want to?



Well, maybe I don't want to talk to you!



I'm angry at the world!



Jordi's stomach: Green tomato soufflé!
Salad! Veggies!
An Apple!
Artichoke puree!

Jordi: Uh? You're hungry?
What do you want? Yes?

Ok! Pizza with sausage it is then!



Sígrid: Not this bottle you dummy!
This is shampoo! Bring me
the other one!

How else do you want me
to fix the air conditioning?



Jordi: Next question then, for the 2 contestants.



Would you rather your partner be clean or soft?



Sigrí: There's gotta be a better way of matching your socks Jordi!



Jordi: I don't know how to cheer him up! If I could somehow make him smile...



Sigrí: I think I have an idea!



Jordi: If I had known, I wouldn't have asked you!



Jordi: Life is not logical.



Sigríð: Yeah. It doesn't make sense.



Jordi: I mean that life is not logical.



Jordi: Check this out Sigríð! I have NO homework and I can eat as much ice cream as I want! Ha!



Sigríð: I don't care Jordi. Please let me read Rousseau in peace.



Jordi: Oh gee. Ice cream doesn't taste as good with your indifference.



Gorka: I'm Gorka the pirate!



Sígrid: Jordi, you're annoying.

2-28



Jordi: What?



Sígrid: Jordi! What are you doing?
Don't write on me dude!



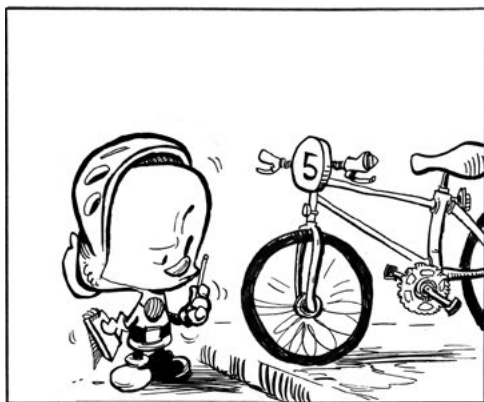
Jordi: It's just a little personal marking
to show how I really feel about you!



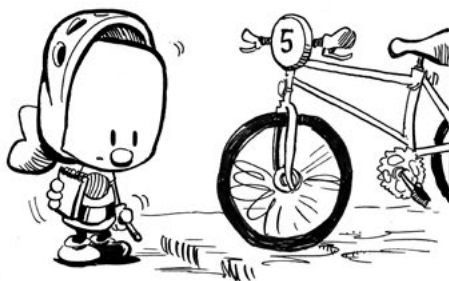
9-6



Don't ask!



3-4



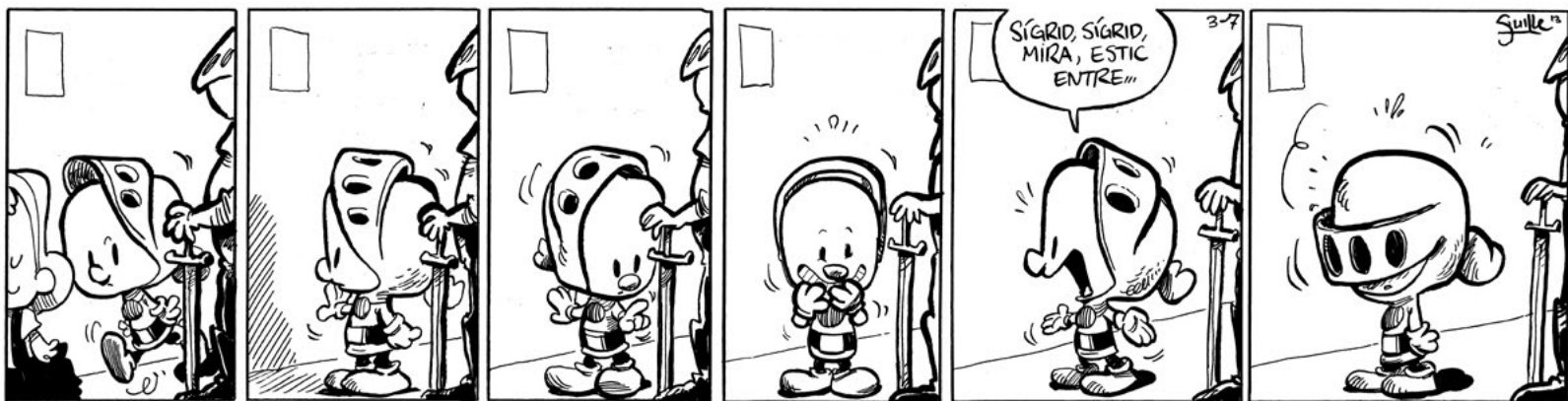
Sígrid: Really? He's trying to reinvent the wheel? Hahaha!



Sígrid: JORDI!!!



I thought you meant "popular" when you said you made my tire pop!



Look! I'm between the wall
and the sword and the wall!*

* Catalan figure of speech
equivalent to "between a rock
and a hard place"



Sigríð: Nietzsche is the best
bookmark for Sartre.



Jordi: Look! Do you want a rubber pencil?



Sigrid: That's a very old fashioned trick
Jordi! My grandpa used to do that!



Jordi: What are we going to do with all these ones then?



Sigrid: Where are you going Jordi?

Jordi: To camp out under the stars!



Jordi: Oh, hi there!

Terminator: John Connor?

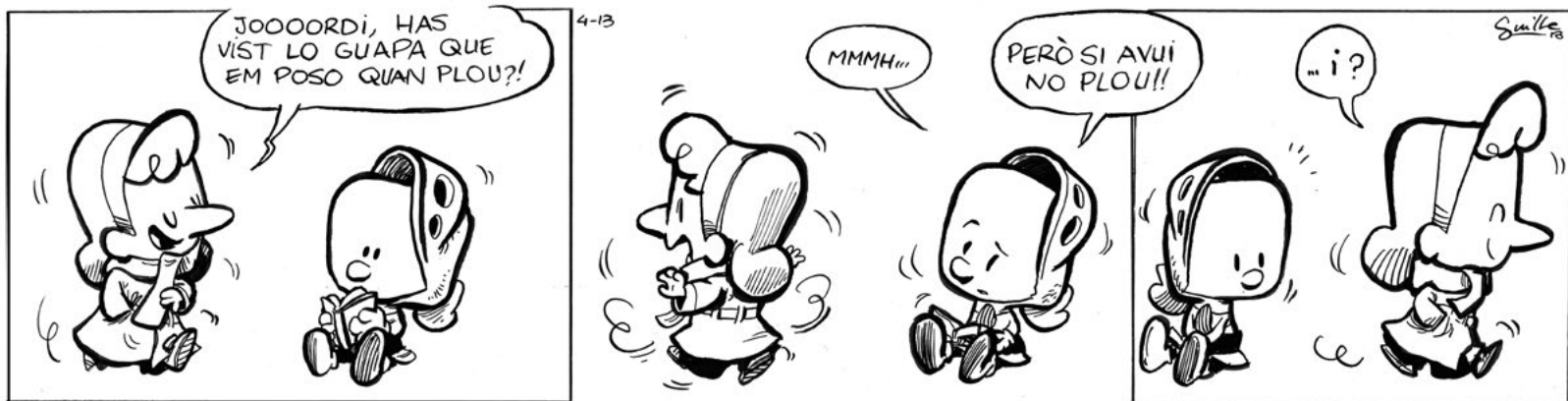


Jordi: No bud, I don't think John will come today either...



Jordi: Frankly, I don't think the term Bivouac* is very common. They might have thought you were saying something else...

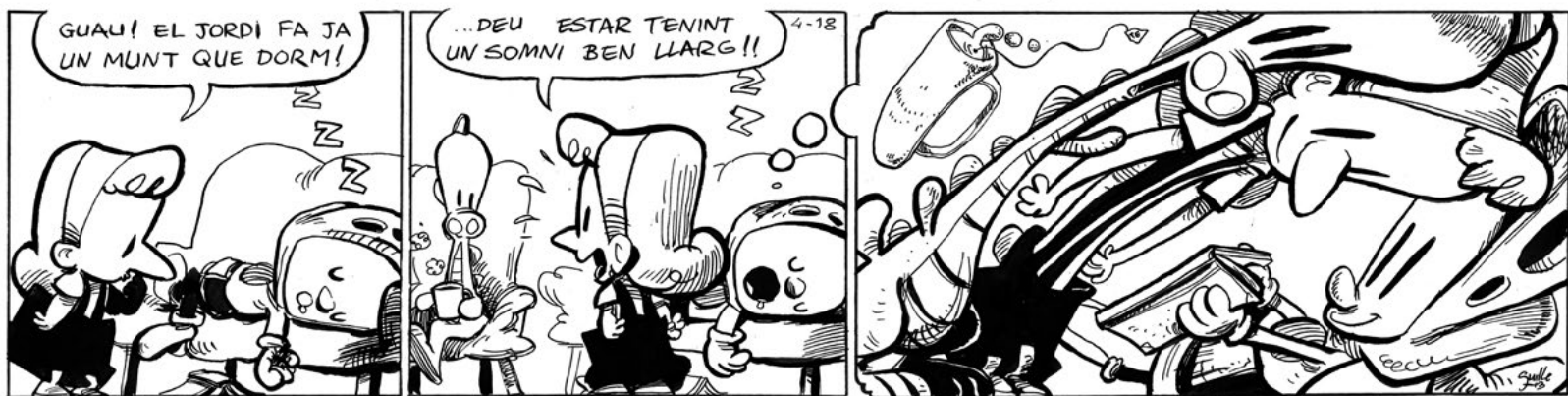
*Bivouac: Temporary encampment often in an unsheltered area. To camp out under the stars.



Sígrid: Have you seen how pretty I dress when it's raining?

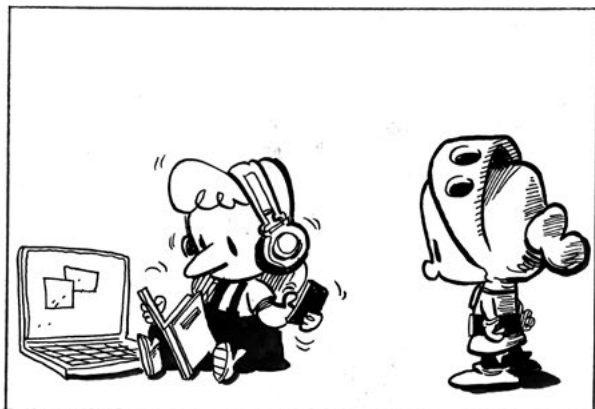
Jordi: Hmm... But, It's not raining!

Sígrid: ...and?



Sígrid: Wow! Jordi has been sleeping for a long time!

He must be having a really long dream!



4-25



Jordi: I have the feeling Sigríð is ignoring me.



Sigríð: Cheer up Jordi! All you need is some encouragement!



hmmm... What are you doing?



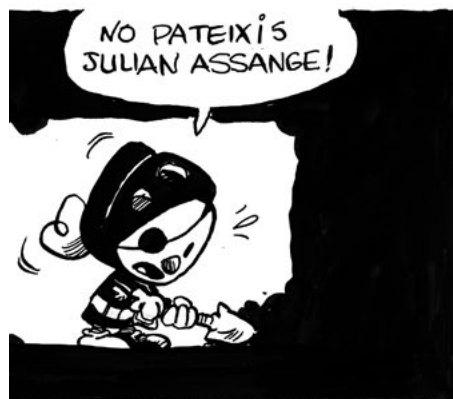
Jordi: Grabbing some.



Jordi: Gee, how uncomfortable this bus is!



Exactly.



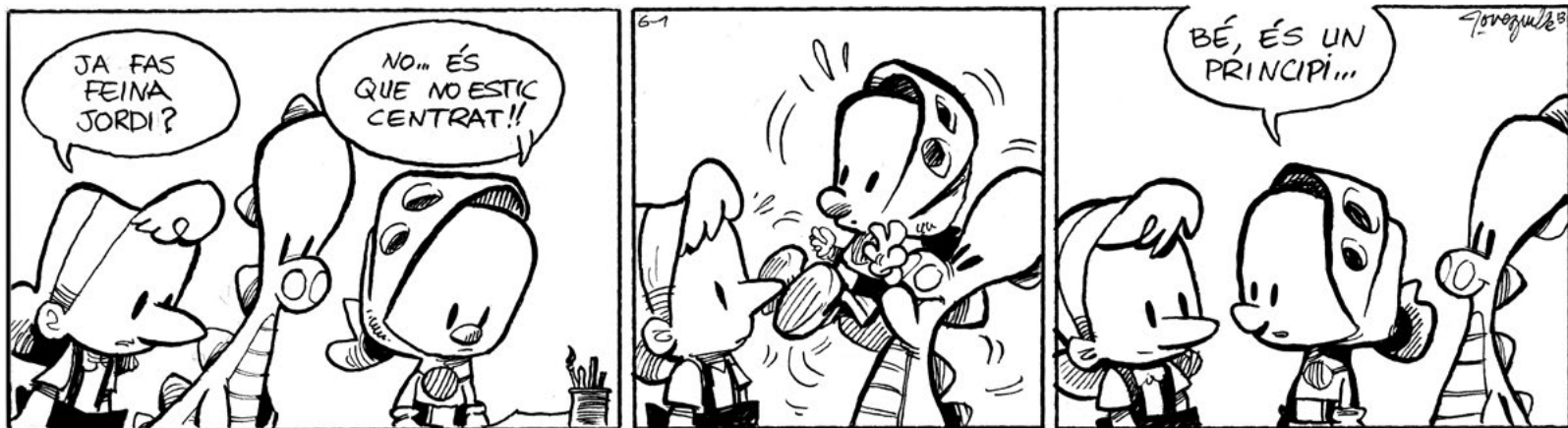
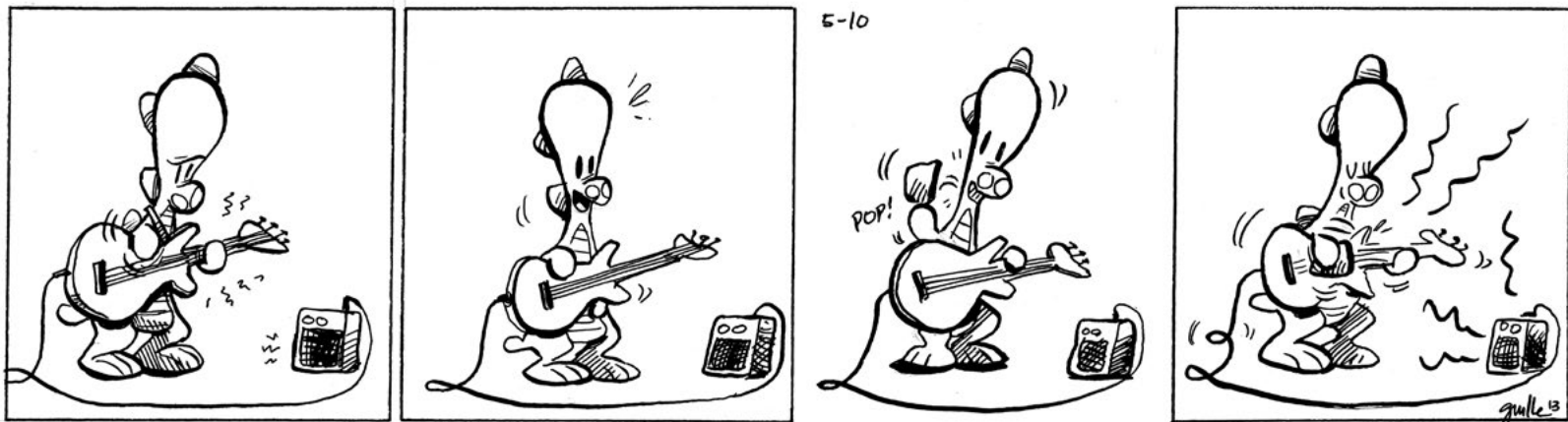
Gorka: Don't worry Assange!



I'll be in London real soon!

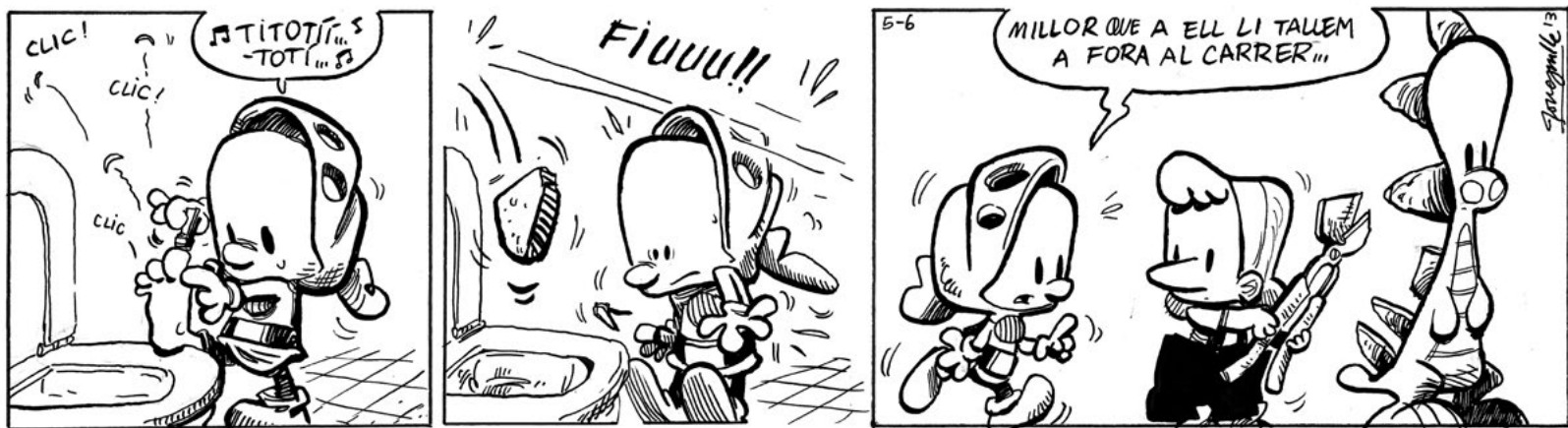
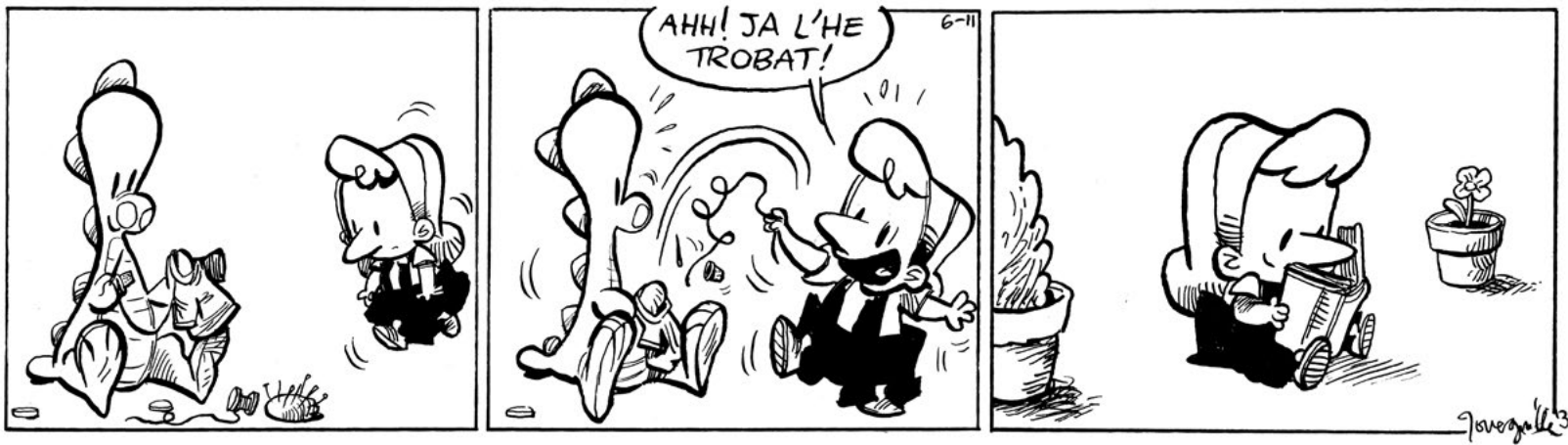


??



Sígríð: Are you working Jordi? Jordi: Nah, I'm not focused. I don't feel centered.

Jordi: Well, that's a start!



Jordi: His, we better cut out on the street.



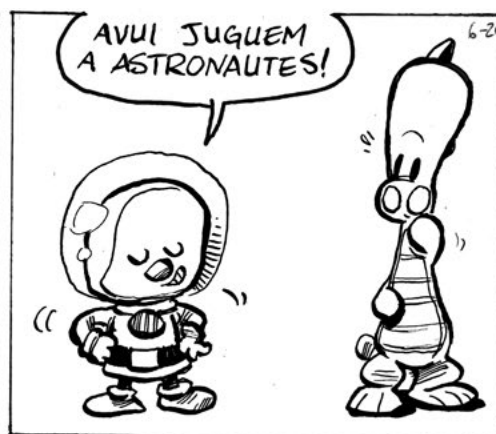
Sígrid: What are doing?! Stop rolling Oslo in the carpet! You're such a kid!



Jordi: I told you, she doesn't like sushi!



Jordi: Alright, no more knights!



Today we play astronauts!



Let's go kill some dragons!



Jordi: Sigríð keeps saying I'm not mature enough...



...and it seems to me she shouldn't be telling me so, when...



...it's you the one who is green!



Jordi: Look! A spider!
Sigríð: No way, it's an ant. You oughta count the limbs.



Sigríð: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6...!
You see! Spiders have 8.



Jordi: Look! Another ant!
Sigríð: No way, it's a centipede. Look: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, ...





Sígrid: Let's go eat Jordi!



Look! Bubbles!



Bubbles!!



Sígrid: It's the best way to get him to wash his hands before eating.



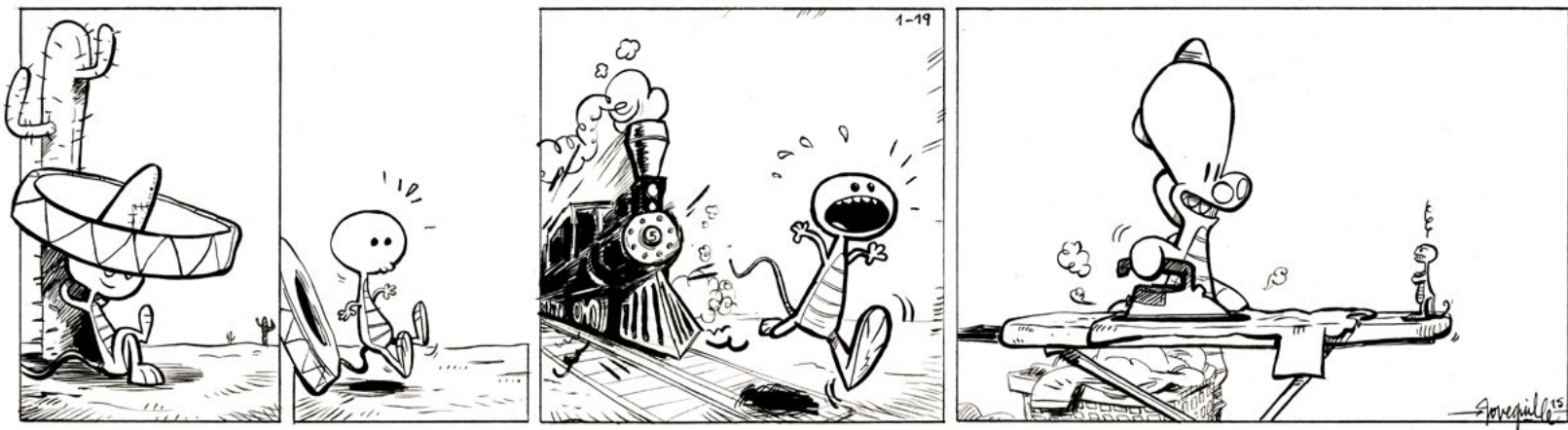
Parent: Jordi! It's Sunday and you still haven't done your homework!



I bet you haven't even opened your backpack yet!



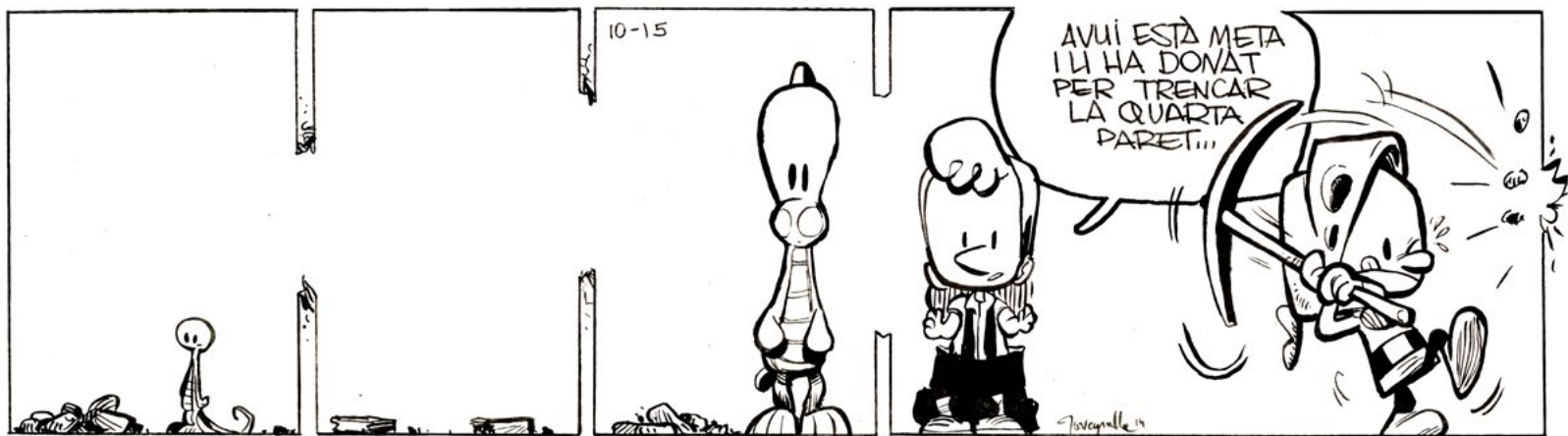
Jordi: Don't forget your glasses.



Jordi: ...and my backpack. I'm now ready to go to school.. Sigh

Sígrid: Aren't you exaggerating a bit?

Jordi: Nope. Why?



Sígrid: Today he just wanted to break the fourth wall.



Jordi: Wow! These dogs are so cute!



...So all I have to do is find Oslo the right partner, and they'll have cute cubs!



...Oslo!



Sígrid: Jordi...

I don't know how to tell you...

Oslo... Oslo is not...

Oslo is not a hedgehog!



Sígrid: Jordi, Oslo is a dragon...

Jordi: Nonsense! He's a hedgehog!

Besides, dragons wouldn't be scared of a little fog like this!...

...and Oslo is always hiding every time there is some!





Jordi: What is this?
Sigríð: It's a fortune cookie.



Sigríð: It tells you your fortune and it sometimes gives you clues on how to improve your situation.



Sigríð: Jordi can be so uncool sometimes!



I bet it is from staring at that dumb screen for so long!



Jordi: 1011001101...



Silvia, you've grown an inch!

Voodoo, you've grown almost 2! Santa Clopatra!

Jordi, you've grown nothing.

Jordi: What's happening here? Am I the only one not growing or what?

<...and Ebola is doubling it's growth every three weeks...>



Jordi: Are you ok Sigrí?

Sigrí: No...



My friend Jessica thinks Hillary Clinton is a feminist...



Sígrid: Ha! I fixed my computer, and now it runs super fast!

Jordi: I'm very jealous, mine is so slow!



Jordi: In fact, here he comes now!



Gorka, don't touch the wire it's...



Gorka: Wow! That was a real firewall.



Sígrid: The internet? What do you want that for? You're very bad with technology.

Jordi: No I am not! I just need the password for the wifi. Where is it?

Sígrid: It's written somewhere. Maybe the fridge.



Jordi: Where?

QUE D'IVERTIT ÉS INVENTAR-SE
ANIMALS NOUS! MIRA:
D'UN KIWI I UN PANDA EN
SURT UN KIWANDA! hahaha!



Sígrid: Making up new names for animals is super fun! Like this one. A kiwi and a panda is called a Kiwanda! hahaha!

WOW! QUÈ FÀCIL!
D'UN COCO,
I UN
MANDRIL...



Jordi: Wow! That sounds easy! A seal and a horse makes a...





Sígrid: It's his own version
of the dark knight!



The "**Caga tió**" is a Catalan tradition where children gather around a magic log, cover it with a blanket and hit it until it poops candy. Also known as Tió de Nadal, Soca, or Pooping Log.





Sígrid: Jordi... Poor log! How dare you?



Jordi: Well.. I ... covered it with a blanket!



Jordi: I knew it!

SAPS QUÈ, OSLO?
M'ENCANTA CAGAR
LA SOCA,...



Jordi: You know Oslo, I love the tradition of the log...

PERÒ AQUEST ANY
SE M'EN HAN PASSAT
LES GANES!!!



But this year, I don't feel like it...

PEGAR QUELCOM
INDEFENS I IMMÒBIL...

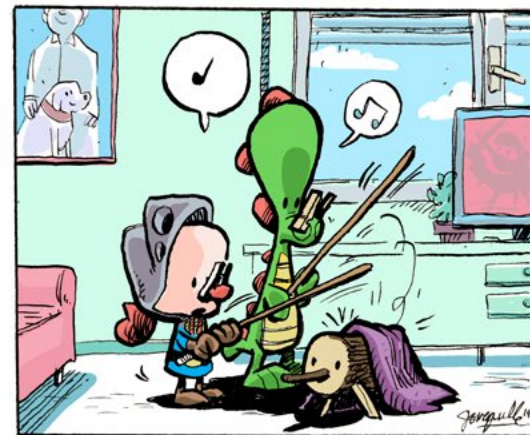


To hit something defenseless and still...

EM FA SENTIR MASSA
COM UN POLICIA EN
UNA MANIFESTACIÓ!



Makes me feel too much like a policeman at peaceful protest.



Jordi: I told you not to feed him so much rice!



Jordi: Sigrí, the Catalan Poop
log has escaped!

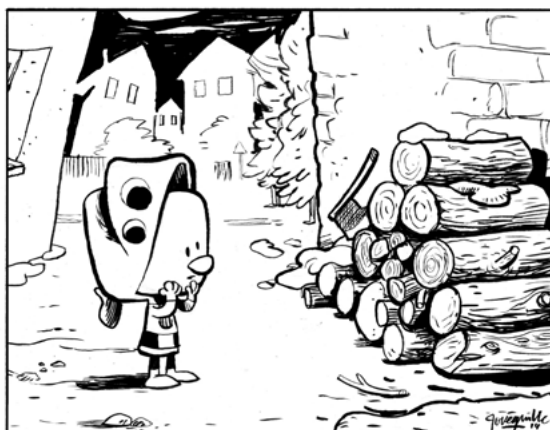
Sigrí: Oh no! Did you do anything that might
have offended or annoyed him?



Jordi: No! Not at all! Oslo and I were just
beating him with our sticks!



Sigrí: Let's find the Cagatió log, quick!
Go that way Jordi, he can't be
hiding too far from here!





Sigríð: ...You think it's such a good idea to seek for the log with a torch?
You didn't have a flashlight?



Jordi: Sigríð! Oslo!



Sigríð: ...Did you find it!?

Jordi: No, but he can't be far...!



Jordi: Excuse me sir. Have you seen a Christmas log around here?

12-28

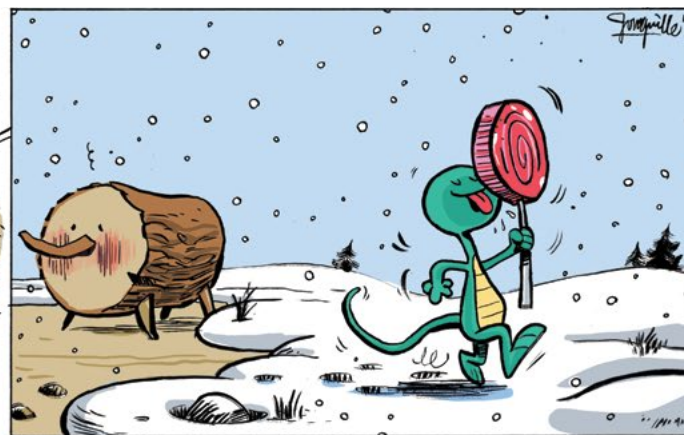
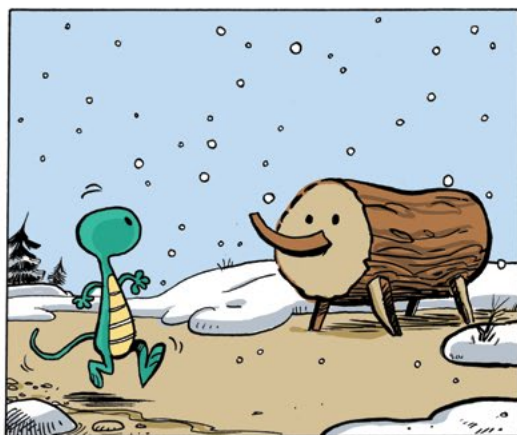


I told you the man was sleeping!



Jordi: <Pooping snowman, poop some candy...>

Sígrid: I see you got tired of looking for the log pretty quickly.





Sígrid: Jordi, Oslo! Did you find the pooping log?

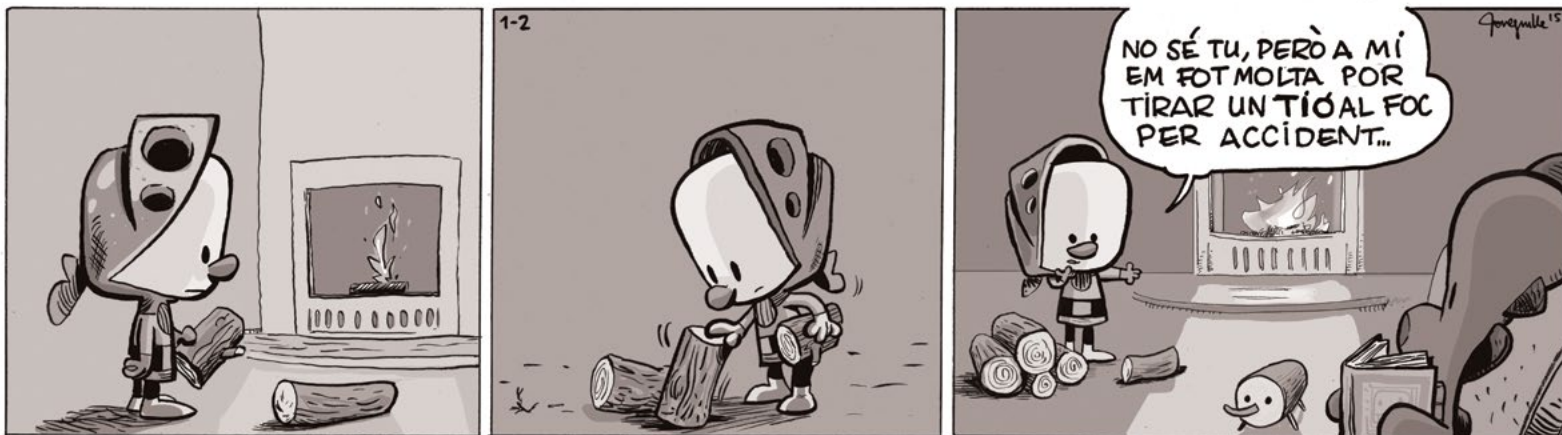
Jordi: Nope! No Christmas log around. But we sure got a lot of wood for the fireplace!



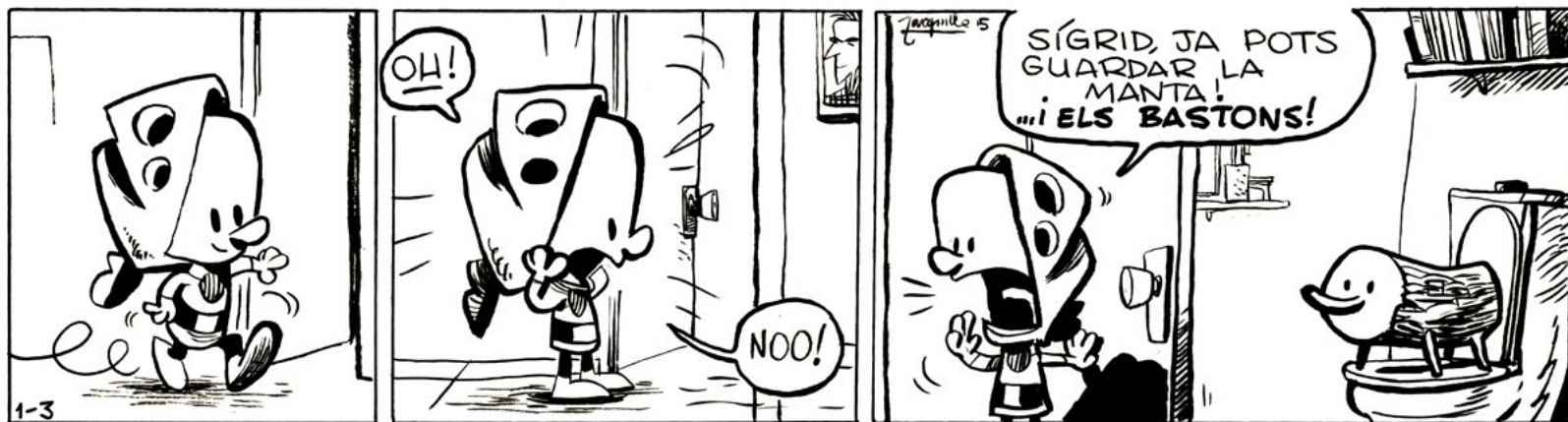
Sígrid: Jordi! That's the actual pooping log, not a regular piece of wood!



Jordi: True! That explains why it was smiling at me...

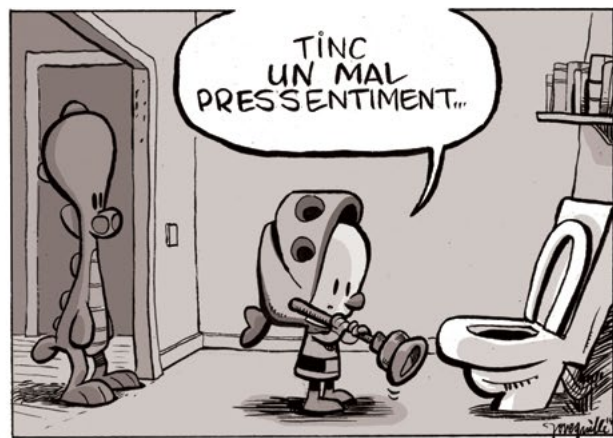
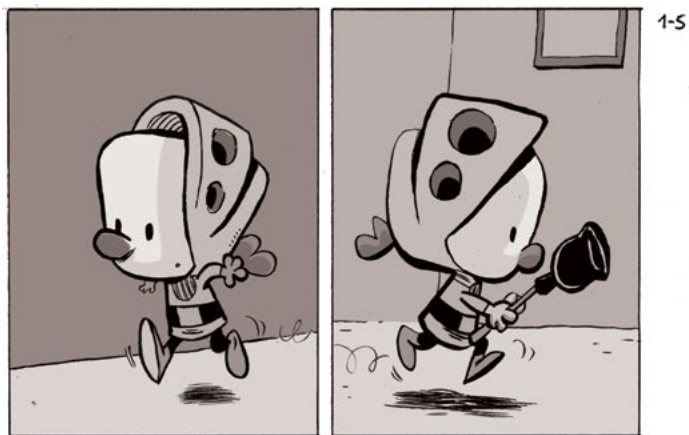
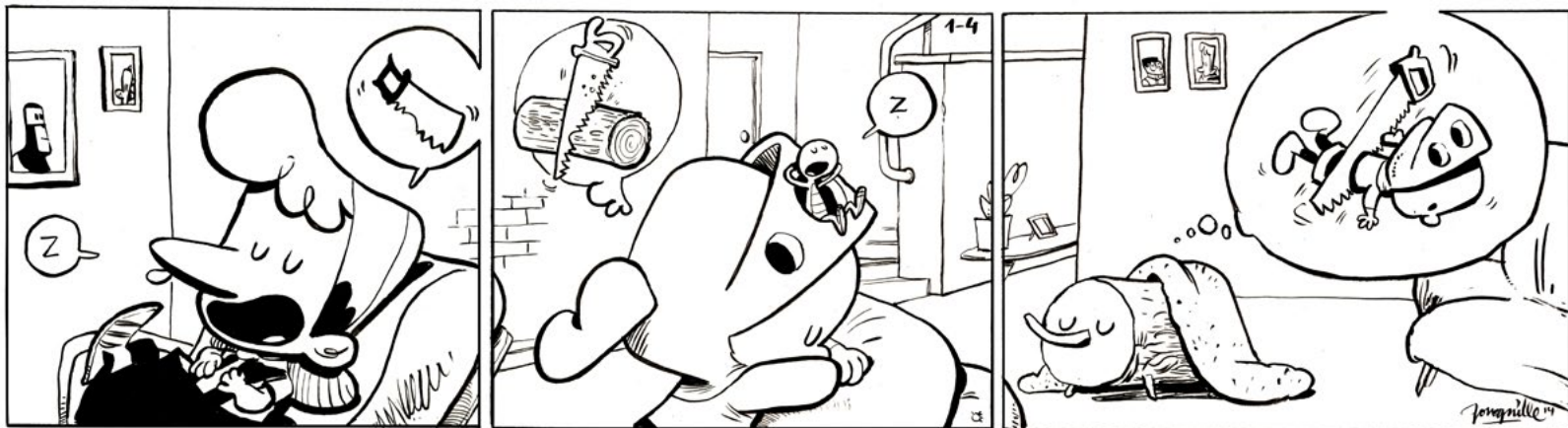


Jordi: I don't know about you, but I'm pretty scared of accidentally throwing the Christmas log into the fire...



Jordi: Oh! NOO!

Sígrid! You can put away the blanket and the sticks. I doubt we'll poop the log this year!

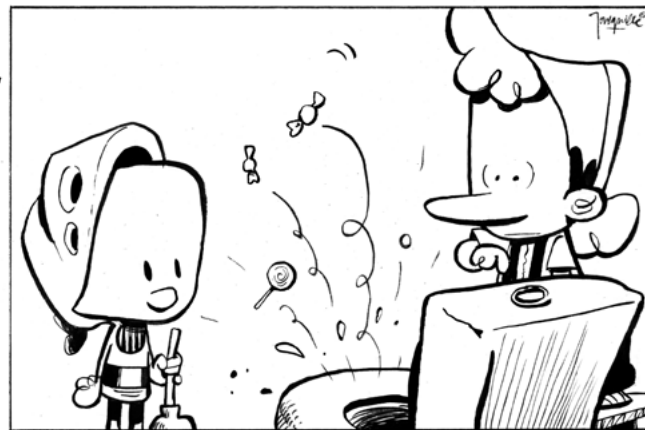


Jordi: I have a bad feeling about this...

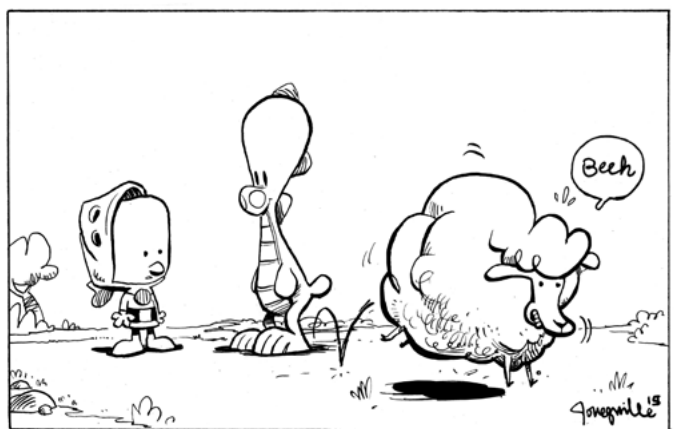


Jordi: The poop log went on the toilet and now it's not working!

Sigríð: What a silly thing to say!



Jordi: That does it! You're wearing diapers next year!



I get lint in my belly button sometimes.
Does it happen to you too?



Sígrid: That's awesome!
Jordi: What's awesome?

Sígrid: Voodoo's uncle works at a piscifactory. *Fish-farm

Jordi: So what? How many fish does he have?

Sígrid: What are you saying? They make PCs.



Jordi: It's funny..



Sometimes the eraser on the pencil writes more than the actual tip.



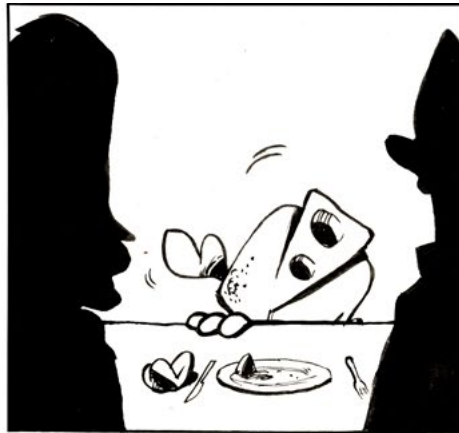
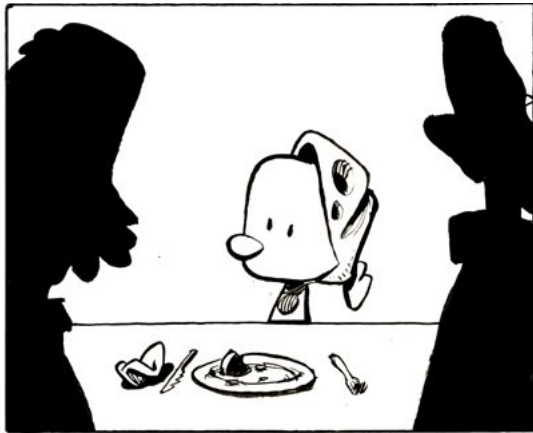
Sígrid: Ha! Your shrinking machine didn't work at all!



Sígrid: Watch out!



Jordi: ...ha! Right on the "s"pot!



I dont know why they call it politics. Its more like monotics.







Jordi: Excuse me! There seems to be a mistake, you see...



This is my passport. As you can tell, I'm not russian at all. So...



Polyphemus: Shut up and eat your Russian salad.



Jordi: Russian salad... This goes against my rights! This is un-constitutional!



I will report it to the constitutional Court!



...or maybe not. They might end up forcing me to eat even more of it...

EN TORNAR CEC
A POLIFEM,
ULISSES I LA RESTA
ES DISFRESSAREN
D'OVELLES



After turning Polyphemos blind, Ulysses and the rest dressed up as sheep...

PER
PODER
FUGIR
DE LA
COVA...



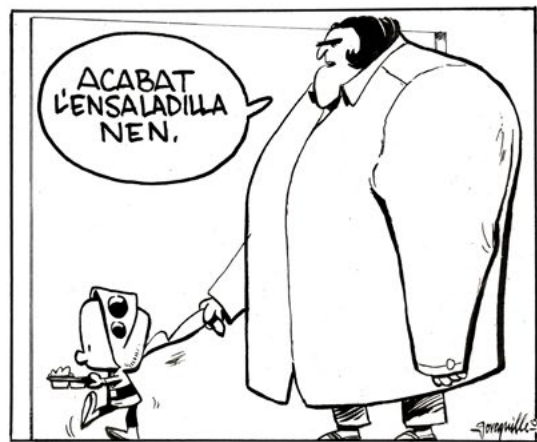
...in order to escape from the cave...



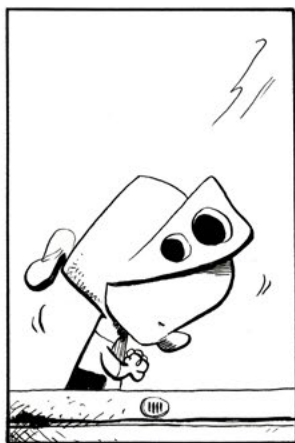
Polyphemos: Who didn't finish their Russian salad huh?



Jordi: Nobody, nobody!



Polyphemos: Finish your Russian salad kid.



Sígrid: Everything is fine outside on the playground. We miss you. Be strong, and...

...and finish your Russian salad, we want to play!



Jordi: Ha! I know how to escape the cafeteria.

I'll be like Clint Eastwood in that movie...

...and I'll build a fake puppet that looks exactly like me!

Polyphemus: Where are you going, kid? Finish your Russian salad!

Jordi: No, no, Jordi is sitting over there!



For days, as Polyphemus demanded me to finish my Russian salad, I sought the perfect plan. My plan required agility and cleverness if I really wanted to escape the school cafeteria. Finally! I got it!

Jordi: Watch out! There's a wolf behind you!



Jordi: There's no way I'll memorize the periodic table...

Sígrid: Look. This is my grandma's ring. It's made out of gold.

Jordi: Au!

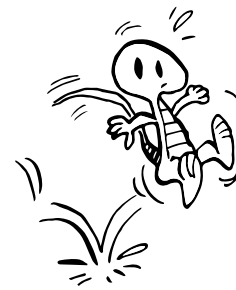
Sígrid: Exactly!



Sígrid: Nobel Prize? Is your head on the clouds or what?

Jordi: No way. Look. I'm standing here.

Sígrid: You are always too literal. You can't just eat the world!



MECENES/*patrons*

Aquest llibre ha set possible gràcies a la col·laboració de tots els següents / *This book was only possible thanks to the support from the following people:*

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Sense els següents, aquest llibre no existira/ *This book wouldn't exist without the following*

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Sobre l'autor/ *About the author*

Joveguille és un personatge fictici que viu i treballa en un petit poble (no revelat als editors). L'any 2010 va obrir-hi allí una panaderia junt amb els seus amics, i entre aventura i aventura dibuixa còmics.

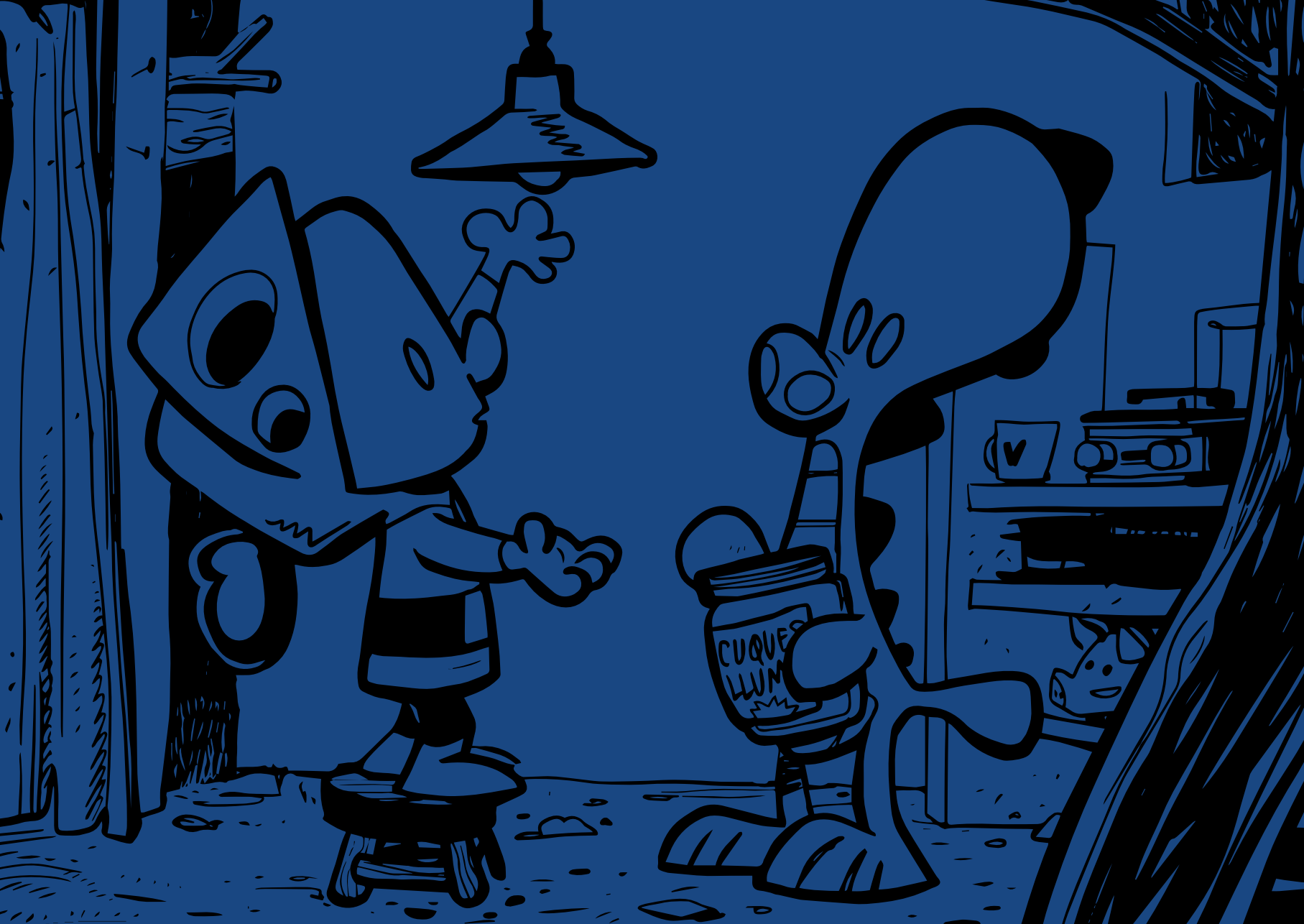
Joveguille is a fictitious character that lives and works in a small town in Catalonia. He moved there in 2010 to open a coop bakery. He sometimes draws comics.



Ale: I love the new drawings! This Oslo looks awesome. What a line! Genius! I love it!

Joveguille: Those are the drawings my little cousins sent me.





Versió Digital/*digital version*

Aquest llibre també està disponible en format digital

This book is also available online

Jordioslo.com



archive.org/details/jordioslo1

" I find Jordi & Oslo to be the Catalan version of *Calvin and Hobbes*! "

Matt Parson

This volume sums up Jordi and his dragon Oslo's first adventures. With english subtitles and all their friends: Sigríð, Gorka, Hippups, Noam and maybe the Ninja Kiwi!



JORDI OSIO.com *les primeres tires*

CAT / ENG

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